# CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE call of the Empire as echoed by the recruiting sergeants has not fallen upon deaf ears among Canada's sons. When our grandchildren and great-grandchildren study their Canadian history in years to come, they will thrill with pride over the part Canada played in the great war in the name of humanity. One of the best examples of the true spirit shown by Canada is the response made by our *new Canadians*. Louis Kon, of the Dominion Immigration service, deals with this phase of Canada's war forces in the September number of CANADA MONTHLY with an interesting story, which, although written in a fascinating fiction style, is based upon facts as he has found them.

What will Canada do with her war widows? Elizabeth Pollard, who knows from practical experience the prizes to be gathered from our vast stretches of prairie soil, suggests community farming as a means of providing a future for those left dependent upon the state by our brave soldiers. Her article in the next issue discusses this plan from a woman's viewpoint and shows how the manless family could be well cared for on a small farm.

*Johnny Dewdrop's Quartz*, by H. L. Laughlin, will give the reader a view of the frontier mining territory rarely permitted except to those who have been "over the trail." This bit of fiction also shows the lure that draws men from all quarters of the world to the new gold fields.

*The Reeve of Silver Island* is continued in September. Harry Moore, the author, has produced a mystery story here that ranks with the best productions of Jack London. It is easy to see in reading the first installment that John Best is weaving a net of chains for those who put him behind the bars unjustly. The September portion of the story shows the web completed and the victim ensnared.

The province of Ontario has made a test of its new compensation law for workmen. Robson Black reviews the workings of this advanced piece of legislation, and under the title of *A New Deal for the Injured Workman*, tells of many of the benefits the law brings to employer and employee.

Readers of *The Son of the Otter* should not miss the September installment. The love affair between Mititesh and Ahteck shows many new entanglements. Would you believe Ahteck a coward? The next installment presents him facing his world as a coward because he would not fight. It is a fine portrayal of the influence of religion and civilization upon the primitive man.

Hardly any of us appreciate the great wealth nature has bestowed upon us. Jean Blewitt will make you realize this after a reading of her *Nature's Pot of Gold*.

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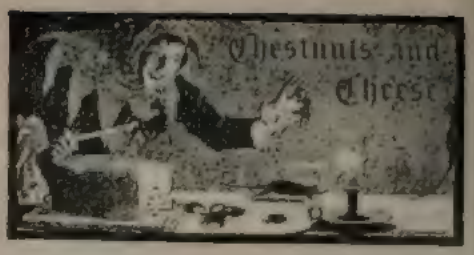


Into the little village of Wuzzlevale there came a circus with brazen band, gaudy posters, mammoth elephants, superlative clowns, and fiery untamed lions.

The boys of the place were mad with excitement, and the young son of a notoriously close-fisted old farmer rushed up to his father and eagerly requested the price of a ticket to view the show.

"What," demanded the old skin-flint," "waste good money to see a circus?"

"Yes, father," came the meek and mild reply.

"Young man," answered the oldster sadly, "it was only last month that I let you go to the top o' t' hill to see the eclipse of the sun. My lad, do you want all your life to be one wicked round of gayety?"

—

It was a very hot day, and a picnic had been arranged by the United Society of Lady Vegetarians. Therefore, one may guess that the little party that sat 'neath the shade of the green trees was mainly composed of old ladies.

They were comfortably seated, and waiting for the kettle to boil, when, horror of horrors! a savage bull appeared on the scene.

Immediately a wild rush was made for safety, while the raging creature pounded after one lady who, unfortunately, had a red parasol. By great good fortune she nipped over the stile before it could reach her. Then, regaining her breath, she turned round.

"Oh, you ungrateful creature!" she exclaimed. "Here have I been a vegetarian all my life. There's gratitude for you!"

—

"Johnny, how did you hurt your hand? I hope you haven't been fighting again."

"Willie Jones called me a liar, mother, an' then he hit me on the fist with his teeth."

—

Jones—"I don't see your husband at the club of late, Mrs. Brown!"

Mrs. Brown—"No, he stays at home now and enjoys life in his own way as I want him to."

He was employed by a dealer in bric-a-brac and old furniture to scour rural districts in search of antiques, and suddenly he espied an old-fashioned cottage nestling at the foot of a hill. Surely in this old-world spot, there would be something in his line.

He knocked smartly at the door, and a weary-looking woman answered.

"Do you happen to have any antique furniture, madam?" he inquired. "Or any old ornaments, such as heathen idols or things of that sort?"

The woman looked puzzled for a moment.

"I think I've got one," she said at last.

Expectantly, he followed her into a room where a hulking fellow was fast asleep on a couch.

"Where is the article, madam?" queried the searcher after the beautiful.

"There it is," she replied, pointing to the couch. "He's the only idle thing I've got in the place—hasn't done any work for years. But he's certainly no oranment."

—

A Georgia negro last summer left the plantation and spent three or four days in the city. When he returned he was envied by every one of his old friends, for he was the possessor of a diamond of unusual size and lustre.

"Sam, is it a real diamond?" asked the boss one day.

"Now look heah, boss, if it ain't, I've been skun out of foah bits!"

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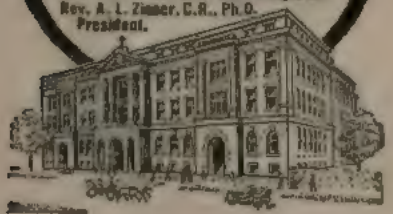

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The steam launch, which was carrying men across the harbor to a man-of-war, suddenly sprang a leak and sank.

An old fisherman, who happened to be near in his boat, stopped rowing to watch.

Presently, one by one, they managed to reach his little craft and clamber aboard. Then they turned on him angrily.

"Look here, you old idiot!" yelled one. "Why didn't you come to us instead of loafing here?"

"Law bless 'ee, sor," replied the old fisherman, in tones of wonder, "I thought as 'ow it were one o' them theer submarine things we 'ears about!"

—

A woman entered the police station in a Massachusetts town and in a confused, agitated manner implored the officer in charge to have a near-by river dragged.

"My husband has been threatening for some time to drown himself," she explained, "and he's been missing now for three days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" the officer questioned, preparing to fill out a description blank.

The woman meditated thoughtfully for a few moments, then her face brightened.

"Why, yes, he's deaf."

—

The book agent advanced toward the door.

Mrs. Flinn stood in the doorway with a huge stick in her hand and an ugly frown on her face.

"Good morning," said the stranger, politely. "I'm looking for Mr. Flinn."

"So'm I," announced Mrs. Flinn, shifting the club to the other hand.

—

What's the use of all of these here ologies and folderols?" demanded the old man as he looked over the list of subjects his son had been studying at college. "Why don't they learn you somethin' useful—somethin' you can make money out of?"

"Money isn't the only thing in the world, father," said the young man reprovingly.

"Mebbe it ain't son; mebbe it ain't. But I notice it's the only thing you ever asked for in the letters you wrote me and your ma while you was in college."

### MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

I know no one in manhood's years
Of doubts and hopes and cares and fears,
Whose heart responds not to the thought
Of that first prayer his Mother taught:
Now I lay me down to sleep. Do you?

It has a charm that holds me up,
And takes the bitter from my cup,
O'er rugged road or rocky steep
With weary feet and eyes that weep—
Oft I lay me down to sleep. Do you?

When friends you thought by you would stand
Seem like some foreign far-off land;
When faith grows faint and hopes sink deep—
I pray the Lord my soul to keep. Do you?

When life seems void and objectless,
And paths lead through the wilderness,
Lord, show me then which one to take,
Lest I should die before I wake—
I ask Thee now for Jesus' sake. Do you?

This much I know must come to me—
My Mother's prayer will answered be:
When death shall come, life's thread to break,
I'll pray the Lord my soul to take. Will you?

Oh! Wondrous prayer, this precious link
That buoys the heart that lets us sink
Above the waves of dark despair—
My faith in God and Mother's prayer. Amen.

—By "Dad" Stearns.

---

Mayor Curley of Boston, was joked about the pre-eminence of Irishmen in public life.

"That's perfectly true; we always get to the top," answered Mr. Curley. "An example of this came to my attention a few years ago, when I was making a trip through Minnesota. I came to a small town in the northern part of the state. One glance at the signs on the stores showed that Scandinavians predominated. Johnson, Nelson, Gustavson, Hillberg, Olson and like names were all that I could see.

"'Any Germans here?' I asked the man I was visiting.

"'There ban none," he said.

"'Any Italians?'

"'No,' he answered.

"'And no Irishmen, either, I suppose?' I added.

"'O yaas, there ban two Irishers in town,' came the reply. 'One he ban mayor and the other he ban chief of police.'"

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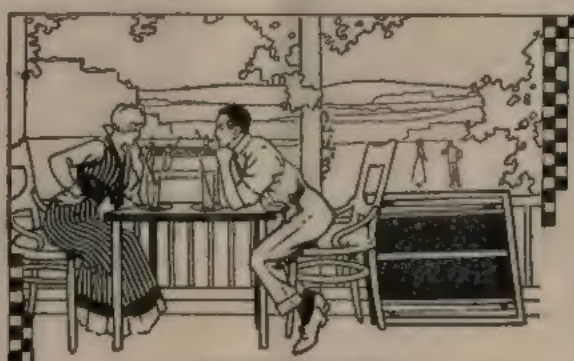

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MADE IN CANADA

VOL. XX.
NO. 4

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
AUGUST

# The Manufacturing Future of Canada

By John Appleton
Editor Financial Post, Toronto

***The question frequently is asked: Will Canada be able to hold her own in the commercial warfare that will be continued after the present war of machine guns and artillery has been brought to a close? Will Canada be able to supply her own needs even in certain lines? Will she ever become an exporting nation? Mr. John Appleton, one of our leading economists, has analyzed these problems and drawn conclusions that will be of interest to every Canadian.***

THE great war was preceded in Canada by a period of years during which there was an abnormal amount of planning, borrowing and reorganizing. Much also was accomplished in that period and no intelligent surmise of what will happen in the future can be made without having before us a correct idea of what had been accomplished preceding the cataclysm which upset the economic equilibrium of the world and shifted on to the shoulders of industrial America a larger proportion of current demands. Canada has always cherished a desire, quite national in scope, to be an industrial factor in the world's commerce and to-day the part she is playing is not negligible. Her aid to the empire in men taking their place along side those of the Allies, the novices in warfare and the seasoned warriors, has brought her a larger share of world attention, and following that will come a keener search for knowledge respecting the land and its resources behind the men who have done so well in the trenches and by so doing announce to the whole world that Canada is indissolubly part of the British imperial fabric. But more than that is now—but not heretofore—a world-known fact, and it is that Canada has within her territories industrial possibilities to be reckoned with in the re-adjustment of the world's economic equilibrium following the war.

## What Canada Has Done For Her Allies.

WHEN war broke out, Belgium of all Canada's allies, was her best customer, excepting of course other countries of the Empire. The invasion of that populous country by the Teuton robbed Canada of a market which in 1914 bought $4,819,843 worth of Canada's products. Belgium, it should be remembered was the most densely populated country in Europe and therefore required food products in exchange for her manufactures. In the case of every other ally the increase in the demands upon Canadian resources has been most marked. France refuses at the present time to take our Maritime Province's lobsters, evidently regarding such a delicacy as a luxury to be eschewed in times of war, but after forbidding the importation of Maritime lobsters our brave ally took in the twelve months ending March 31st last, Canadian products aggregating $36,085,813 as compared with an average of less than $4,000,000 in years preceding the war. Of the larger volume of exports a very large proportion was from our factories. It took the British government some time to realize that Canada had potential industries and the chief allies were somewhat slower. But what has been the result? Our exports to all the allies before war averaged $12,000,000 a year and last year the aggregate was $55,000,000.. France with her large population normally buys less than $4,000,000 from Canada and Russia with her uncounted millions buys less than $1,500,000.

## The Disclosure of Canada's Industrial Power.

DEVELOPING trade with Russia, a land with resources not dissimilar to our own may be difficult; it will depend upon the skill of our work-people backed by the development of a merchant class able to develop foreign trade. But this fact stands out very clearly and it is that Russia has discovered in Canada a nation with great

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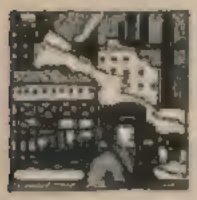
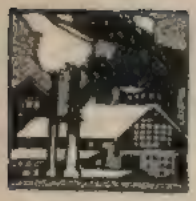


J. W. Woods
One of Canada's Leading Textile Merchants and Manufacturers
Photo British and Colonial Press

C. B. Gordon
Textile Member of the Imperial Munitions Board
Photo British and Colonial Press

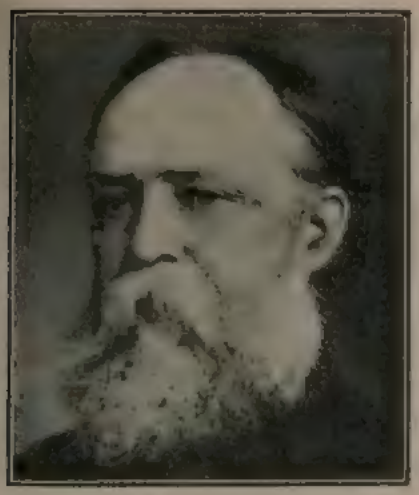


industrial possibilities. Some agricultural implements had been sold to that country and they were well thought of. From the war onwards the Russian buyer will recognize that the implements offered to him by Canada are from a country friendly to him and not forced upon him as were the Teuton products by the high handed threats and menaces of a great military organization. It is not wise to depend for trade upon the good will of a nation but when to good will is attached the right product and a better realization of manufacturing power behind it a distinct step forward has been made. The ability and readiness to produce which Canada possesses has been disclosed to the industrial and military leaders of the Slav millions and it remains for Canadian initiative and enterprise to take advantage of it—and see to it that the free Serf and Mushik of the Steppes know what Canada can do for them. The revelation to Russia is no greater than that made through the war to our other Allies and also to other countries, neutral but not disinterested, which have had their attention directed to Canada because of the great volume of wealth she has been able to serve her own cause—that common to all in opposition to the ascendancy of domineering militaryism.

## Canada's Manufactures Before the War

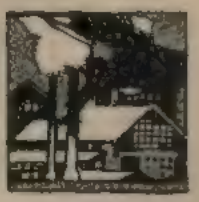
IN the year 1910 the value of the manufactures of Canada was about $1,134,000,000 and of this about ten per cent. was exported. Since 1910 no census has been taken of the manufacturing wealth of the Dominion. In 1912 a careful analysis of the returns of output made by leading industries warranted the assumption that the value of the output that year was $1,300,000,000. For the twelve months ending March 1913, the exports which can reasonably be classed as manufactures were valued at $120,394,671. At the end of March last the exports of iron and steel fabrications alone were valued at over $50,000,000 and the products of grain and animal fully three times that amount. When the official figures are available they will no dobut show an export value of manufactures not far short of $350,000,000, if they stop at that amount. The Imperial Munitions Board at Ottawa pays out at present about $1,000,000 a day for factory products. Incidentally it may be pointed out that at present the requirements of the British government on the North American continent are all, or practically so, being ordered through the agency of the Board in question. Our manufacturing resources before the

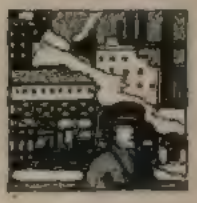
Col. Thomas Cantley
President Canadian Manufacturers' Association
Photo British and Colonial Press



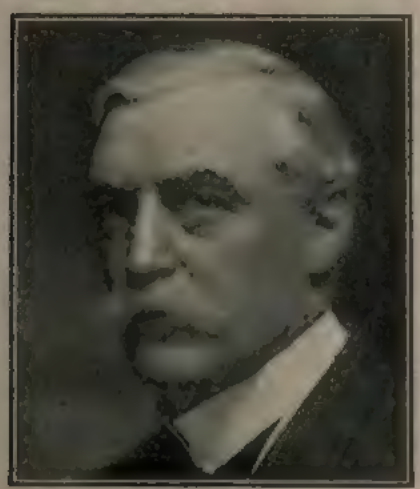
**Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O, LL.D., D.C.L.**
President Canadian Bank of Commerce and one of the Empire's Most Distinguished Bankers
Photo British and Colonial Press

**J. W. Flavelle**
Chairman of Munitions Board; Successful Financier and Director of Several Outstanding Business Enterprises
Photo British and Colonial Press





war, not counting their potentiality, were not a factor in international commerce. They had developed as the chief factor in the domestic market, but not beyond it. Textile, steel and cereal plants had just attained to a strength that enabled them to hold a large share of the home market and to do that they went through a period of organization and re-organization which left them still in a state of immaturity. Profits were never, generally speaking, adequate or regular enough to bring to industrial exploitation the same activity and development the entire Dominion experienced in city and railway expansion.



**Robert Hobson**
President of the Steel Company of Canada, Limited
Photo British and Colonial Press

## Pre-War Finances of Canadian Industries

BROADLY speaking when war was declared a great many of our now prosperous industries were struggling with great possibilities and little cash. They borrowed in their earlier years what was thought to be quite enough for putting down a plant that would meet demands. But it was found that when a plant was half completed it would have to be made big enough to handle twice the output originally planned. This meant a great deal more than the mere redrafting of the plans. It meant new financing. Hence the funded debt and the plant account expanded each year by great strides until the year of the war. Not only did the funded debt increase but also that ominous item "current liabilities." I have before me the report of the Dominion Steel Corporation issued quite recently. It shows current and working assets of $9,400,000 and current liabilities of $2,366,000. This very desirable feature is not pointed out with a view to boosting the common stock. Although the current assets exced so greatly the liabilities the time has not come yet when dividends on common could be paid and leave the preferred shareholders in a position of security. The figures are given to show how very different they are to those of a few years ago. At the close of the 1913 year the current liabilities amounted to $6,800,000 and current assets to $7,700,000. To get from under so heavy a load of current debt the funded debt was increased from $23,500,000 to $27,600,000. At the end of the 1916 year the funded debt was down to $25,669,000 and the current liabilities to $2,336,000 or less than the amount due to the corporation in the form of outstanding accounts and less than half as much as the value of commercial articles of a marketable character the company has on hand.

Continued on page 234.

# Miss Sunshine of Alberta

## By Charles W. Stokes

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

ONCE upon a time there was an actress who spent two months on a farm, and not because it was the craze, either. Loud laughter is here heard. There wasn't a photographer within eight miles.

But truth is sometimes stranger than what gets into the Sunday supplement. So behold Dolly Macdonnell (who scorned to take unto herself a fictitious stage name because her own suited her taste) on a farm. A farm in Alberta to wit. Dolly Macdonnell, playing superior chorus parts with lines of her own to speak, had gone broke just about that time when lesser theatrical luminaries inaugurate their "resting" period; and, pining for a vacation, but lacking the wherewithal to finance a trip to the seashore, had suddenly accepted the long-standing invitation of her uncle Macdonnell and left Chicago of an evening, descending upon Alberta two nights and two days later. Lucky Alberta, you ask?

Uncle Macdonnell had at one time tilled the soil of Iowa, in a small town in which state his late brother, Dolly's father, had expounded the laws and prophets from a Presbyterian pulpit. It is necessary to mention this to explain the judicial glance with which he took in the two trunks and one suit case which the baggage-men dumped off as accompanying Dolly.

"What made you bring all them?" he asked, after the greetings and kissings were over.

"Why, Uncle Tom," cried Dolly, "a milkmaid must have her proper costume, you know!"

"There ain't any milkmaids these parts."

"Of course I know there aren't, you old silly," she said, stifling her disappointment. She hadn't yet heard about there being no photographer! "Only a few things to keep me decent if I'm to stay as long as you say. Why are all those people staring at me—are they the hicks?"

"What's a hick, anyway?"

"A hick's a rube, and a rube's a hayseed, and I guess you know what that is."

"Guess so." Old Tom Macdonnell did not miss the sensation which his niece was causing, nor of the envy of the hicks who were edging nearer to the pretty girl in the smart suit. He raised his voice for their benefit as he said, flatly and cruelly, "I'll have them shake hands with you—some time or other. But, say, I hope you don't think I can take all this truck along, in one small buggy?"

Yes, Dolly had thought so.

"It can't be did. This here's a horse, not a tractor. Better take just what you want now, and I'll have Dick collect the others if he's down town to-night." So Dolly chose the suit-case.

"Who's Dick?" she asked, as they rattled along.

"Dick Hawkins. He's on the next section to me."

THE time was July. Across the prairie blew a gentle wind which just stirred the heads of the young wheat, already popping out. The sun shone, the sky was blue, and the distances infinite. Across the road suddenly darted a little grey animal, and Dolly screamed. It was only a gopher, her uncle told her, and elucidated the "only," at which she thought gophers were dandy. In the crisp air, Dolly recollected a very early breakfast, and felt the need of a big lunch—bigger than most actresses think polite; and she laughed, and her uncle laughed too because her laugh was musical and catching; and like the young lady in the poem, who declaimed so much about larks being on the wing and snails on the thorn, Dolly felt that all was right with the world.

"There's our house," said her uncle at length, pointing to one about a mile and a half distant, on the crest of a slight rise.

"That dinky little affair, with the green roof?"

"Well, you didn't s'pose your aunt and I lived in a two by four shack?"

Whereat Dolly laughed again. Some such idea had occurred to her. "Don't expose me," she said. "I can see Aunt Alice."

Mrs. Macdonnell wore steel-rimmed spectacles; this may give a clue to her character. She washed all her own dishes and did all her own cooking; and she looked after a small multitude of hens and now and then helped with the milking. She greeted her niece with the very pleasant manner of the childless woman, to which may or may not have been superadded a desire to know who was Dolly's dressmaker.

"This is your bedroom, my dear," she said, leading Dolly into a room at the back of the house. Dolly gave a gurgle of delight.

"Oh, how lovely! I didn't expect this!"

"Still thinking of the shack?" enquired Uncle Tom, following with the suit case.

"And flowers, too! And such a dandy little oak bed, and cretonne spread—and a dresser with a real mirror! Say, Aunt Alice, I begin to think you know what's what out here." She looked out of the window. "Some view, believe muh!—and what elegant curtains! Do you always get this sunshine—and aren't there any delightful cowpunchers around?"

TWENTY minutes later Dolly went into dinner—it was really lunch, of course, but country folks have such a vulgar way of calling it "dinner." She had shed her Chicago suit, and donned a skirt and waist, the latter of the material which I believe is called pique.

"We nearly always eat in the kitchen, Dolly," said Mrs. Macdonnell, beaming over her spectacles. "It's easier. I hope you won't mind."

"Why should she mind?" This from Uncle Tom. "She ain't in the city now—may as well get us't to us hicks first as last."

"Back to the land for mine," said Dolly. This was one of her fascinating little ways, the use of slang. Regrettably enough, it created quite a furore in that unsophisticated territory, where it was not even dimly guessed how old, according to the standards of slang, it was. She called her uncle a "bear," and laughed, and again a "hick" and a "rube"; and appalled her aunt by "Now what do you know about that!" and "For the love of Mike!"

"Let me help you wash up," cried Dolly. "I'm not company."

"No, no," answered her aunt; but Dolly had rolled up her seleves, and showed a pretty pair of arms. She laughed right through the process of washing up, to the occasional danger of some of her aunt's cherished china. Then she went out and inspected the farm—the fields, the little vegetable patch, the cows and poultry, the new barn. She still laughed so much that her uncle said she was like sunshine.

"Dolly Sunshine of Alberta?" she said. "They talk about Sunny Alberta."

She was laughing again in the afternoon when a man drove up and hitched his rig to the fence post.

"You must be Mr. Hawkins," said Dolly. "How DO you do?"

On his part he saw a rather pretty girl in a pique waist, with brown wavy hair and brown eyes which she shaded against the sun, with a supple forearm (did I mention that she had permanently shortened her sleeves so as to display her arms all the time?) that was invitingly plump. Dolly saw a tall young man with a freckled, brown-scorched face, terribly embarrassed—a young man in a very old suit and a dark grey flannel shirt. Possibly she had hoped he'd wear shapps and a Stetson.

"Come right in, Dick," cried Mr. Macdonnell from the porch. "Round the kitchen, you know. Meet my niece, Dick."

"Pleased," said he, blushing furiously and wiping his hand on the back of his pants. He was obviously unaware that handshaking is no longer popular in our best circles, and consequently no hand was extended to meet his; at which he blushed the more.

"She's got one hell of a crowd of baggage," said Mr. Macdonnell. "We want you to fetch it up if you're that way. None of these stage ladies travel without a regular Fifth Avenue store."

"I am glad you came. Where shall we go?"

"You'll stay to supper, Dick?" said Mrs. Macdonnell.

"Yes—that is—no—"

"Oh, stay, do! Don't be scared of Sunshine—she won't eat you." Dick Hawkins looked up at the word "Sunshine." "Oh," continued the old man, "that's our new name for her—Dolly Sunshine. She's going to use it in play-acting."

EVENTUALLY, after much pressing and postponing of fictitious engagements obviously concocted on the spur of the moment, Dick Hawkins stayed to supper. He found sufficient tongue to say that he was not a company man, Miss — Miss — er — Macdonnell, and that he hoped she'd overlook his slips. Whereat Dolly laughed, and precipitated him into silence. Then she took pity on him, and began to ply him with questions whether he liked batching it, and who washed up for him, and did he dress for meals or eat in his shirt sleeves? To all of which he returned desperate answers, and passed her the mustard when she wanted the butter,

to the intense amusement of her uncle.

"Two big boxes," said the old man, when Dick drove away.

"Good bye, Mr. Hawkins," said Dolly; but he made no answer. They stood watching him out of sight; then Dolly said to her uncle, "Do you think I ought to have offered to go with him?"

"Heavens, why ?"

"It's a long drive for the poor boy."

"But haven't you scared him enough already ?"

"Scared him—muh ?" (Coy Dolly !)

"Yes, I never saw him so scared before. Did you mother ? That's the way with us poor hicks, Dolly. Dick's probably your first scalp hereabouts."

At this Dolly laughed, and then became thoughtful. Finally she said, "Will you sit up for him ?"

"Lord no ! He'll just dump the boxes on the porch. No one will steal them."

"Well, I could thank him."

"You can do that next time you see him. He infests round here often. Besides, he'll be late down town tonight, and I guess it will be quite ten before he's back."

Dolly groaned inwardly. Ten late ! As a matter of fact, she went to bed at nine, and it was fully two hours before her wakeful faculties gave up the struggle. So that she heard Dick Hawkins dump the boxes on the porch —one—two. Very loud they sounded in the silent prairie air; and she smiled to herself as she turned over and tried whether lying on the other side would bring sleep nearer. This bed at sundown dope was a new one on her.

A SUNDAY night in early September. The last ray of the evening sun, lingering rusty red on the last roof towards the west, has entirely faded, and all the world is still. The yellow of the waving fields, and all the many, many shades of green which streak the prairie by day, from yellow-green to darkest, olive, merge into one very deep, liquid blue. Overhead peep out a few stars.

Now comes a break in the silence as the people begin to filter out of church. The hum of talk, the laughter of girls, and the heavier voices of men, are heard in the dark streets. Lamps are lighted, and shadows pass and repass on window shades. Somewhere is heard the tinkling of a piano. There is a jingling of harness and the soft slushing of wheels in the prairie roads. To one of the rigs in a side street come a man and a woman; and as they drive past the church, the big lamp hanging over the porch shows them to be Dick Hawkins and Dolly Macdonnell.

Their road takes them down Main Street and across the railroad tracks. The station is deserted and unlighted; and the white posts by the crossing loom up spectrally. Then down the other side, and the team steps out smartly on that eight miles to home. The rig carries no light, but one is scarcely needed, because they are not likely to meet travellers coming into town so late on a Sunday night. . .

"What a glorious night !" she said at length. They had not spoken since they started.

"I hardly knew such nights existed," she said again, "until this one."

"Look at that little star," said Dick; "way off in front—ain't he just winking at us fierce ?"

"Why do you call it 'he'?"

"Oh, I sometimes like to think of the stars as little boys—they wink so."

"I do declare," she laughed, "you're a regular poet—you do say the cutest things sometimes."

"Do I, Miss Sunshine ?"

"Miss Sunshine ! — I wish you wouldn't call me out of my name so."

"It fits you well enough."

"How ?"

Dick struggled with many cute phrases during a pause of more than reasonable length, and finally remarked, "It's queer how easy you took to us."

"Not so queer when you remember I was raised in a farming section, in a small town no bigger than this. Uncle farmed down there, and I often used to go out and stay with him whole weeks at a time, especially near the harvest. You mightn't think I used to be able to ride a binder—but I could, like a cracker jack—and" (defiantly) "I guess I could now."

"Women don't usually do that round these parts. There ain't no call. 'Sides, I don't care to have them do it."

"Why not ?"

"It seems to me—"

"Out with it ! You mean it isn't womanly !"

"Well, s'pose that's it—though it ain't just exactly how I meant."

"We have just got to stay at home, and do all the less wonderful things, like feeding the chickens and milking the cows, and cooking all the food and washing all the dirty dishes afterwards! And sweeping up and making beds and mending the clothes, Mr. Hawkins, and combing and washing children ! I wonder which wants the most strength —all that, or just riding a binder ?"

"I dunno," said Dick, utterly crushed. After contemplating his winking little star a spell, he added, "I must testify you seem to know all about it. Them chickens seem well fed since you been here. Likewise, Missis Macdonnell says you can milk her cows swell."

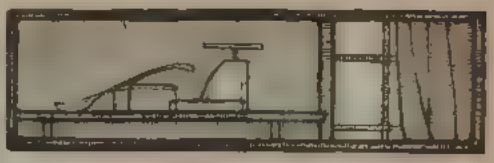
Continued on page 241.

"You must be Mr. Hawkins"

# Chemistry of Canning

By Helen McMurchie

Domestic Science School University of Toronto



"TWELVE pints of fruit," said the Housewife, displaying her jars of preserves with pardonable pride, and turning, she waited for the approval which her visitor might have been expected to show.

But the visitor was disappointingly silent. "How much did it cost?" she asked hesitatingly at last.

"Cost! Why, I never stopped to think about that—one must have preserves even if fruit and sugar are ruinously dear," and the Housewife in her turn cast perplexed looks at her questioning friend.

"I suppose it's all part of your queer ideas about economy and efficiency," she sighed. "You would like to have me calculating to the last decimal every mouthful that I give my family to eat, and registering it all neatly on a card catalogue like the inimitable Mrs. Fredericks. But, really, that won't do! For one thing, I haven't time, and for another, I don't care. I would rather feed my family well than split hairs over costs. Come now and try this strawberry jam, and see if my case isn't proven."

The guest tried, appraised as generously as the most liberal critic might, and went home still debating in her mind the question which her friend's answer had not laid. "After all, does it pay?"

The up-to-date housewife must ask herself this when she turns to the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables.

Time was, of course, when no problem existed, when all such work was done at home for the simple reason that there was no place else to do it. The home was in early days essentially a productive centre, and canning was but one of many industries carried on within its walls. Modern conditions, and especially the growth of great centralized industries have changed all this, and we must recognize that many operations once regarded as proper to the home are passing outside and being carried on in great plants as part of the complicated process of commercial life. Canning is an excellent case in point; indeed it is curious to note how strong has been the prejudice against this transition and yet how steadily the commercial is replacing the home industry. Anyone who stops to consider can see that deeper causes are at work here than the mere tastes and preferences of individuls, and it is worth while at least to enquire into the reasons for this change.

FRUITS and vegetables hold a larger place in the dietary than their actual food value would warrant. Fresh fruits, and vegetables as well, serve less to build up the body than to tone it up and keep it in condition, and, in particular, to add relish to other foods. It is largely for their mineral salts and acids and for their flavoring matter that fruits and vegetables are valued. Some green vegetables, for instance, are better tonic than iron pills, and the extractives of fruits better appetizers than most medicines. For these reasons fresh fruits and vegetables should be in constant use wherever they may be had; but in times when they are not available we may turn to canned products as a welcome next best, less relished it is true than the fresh article, but offering a substitute not to be despised.

The canning process itself is much older than the knowledge of the principles on which it rests. Even to-day one finds much vagueness as to the *why* of canning. One person tells you that sugar preserves the fruit, or that salt is what keeps your vegetables; another will say that the exclusion of air is the necessary thing, and still another that heat is what does it. But on the reason that lies behind the rule no one will venture. It is to Pasteur that we are indebted for actual knowledge in this as in so many kindred questions, as his discoveries led to the conclusion that decomposition of fruit was due to the action of minute vegetable organisms which were always present in fruit, and which, unless killed, were bound to multiply and work destruction. Such germs may be classified as yeasts, molds and bacteria. The first of these thrives in mixtures containing sugar, and acting upon it produces fermentation; the second appears in the mould that sometimes gathers on the top of jelly, while the last class, the bacteria, are responsible for the greater part of the decomposition of fruits and vegetables. For the molds and yeasts are easily destroyed by heat, so that the housewife, cooking her fruit to preserve it, was doing the right thing even if she could not tell you exactly why she did it. But the bacteria presented to scientific investigators a more serious problem than the yeasts and molds, for it was found that they were not so readily destroyed as the others, but required a special and more complicated treatment. For while the parent bacteria, the old plants, could be destroyed by continued boiling, the spores, or immature plants, were not killed but developed and continued their work of destruction. A new

***THIS is the first of a series of articles by Miss McMurchie, each of which will deal with some of the more important problems of the home. In the September issue Miss McMurchie will discuss the Scientific Side of Bread. Her article in October will deal with Engineering Problems of the Home. Other articles by this domestic science expert will be presented in nearby issues.***

method had, therefore, to be devised to meet this difficulty.

It was found first of all that fruits containing an appreciable quanity of acid would keep more readily than those with only a negligible percentage. Thus fruits and tomatoes are easier to preserve than non-acid vegetables like corn, peas and beans. For the latter a special treatment had to be found. Ultimately two methods came to be practised; one which was known technically as fractional sterilization, by which the vegetables are kept at boiling point for one hour on three successive days, and the other the method followed commonly in commercial canning, where, by the use of steam superheated under pressure, the temperature of the vegetable can be raised above boiling point and sterilization thus rendered complete. This latter method has the advantage of destroying the spores once for all, while the former allows them to ripen into bacteria which can then be killed at the lower temperature. This method can be practised at home, whereas the other method is possible only where a special plant has been installed. It is, of course, surer and quicker, although the flavor of the vegetable is thought to be somewhat impaired by the high temperature.

PRESERVATIVES were at one time commonly used in commercial canning, but their use is now stigmatized as unnecessary, if not positively harmful. So, too, artificial colorings are generally condemned, and in some cases even the addition of water is considered an adulteration. Artificial aids serve only to cover up inferior material or slovenly handling; they are not necessary for the canning of fruits and vegetables and so are better banned.

The exclusion of air is necessary in canning fruit only in so far as the air is not sterile. Any defect in the sealing of fruit will admit the outside air and with it the germs whose work is so deadly. For this reason the greatest care must be taken that cans and sealers are air tight when the process of sterilization is complete. A test of this is to loosen the metal clasp of a glass sealer and to lift the jar by the lid alone. If the sealer is air tight the fruit will have shrunk leaving a vacuum and as a result the lid will be held down by the pressure of the outside air. One may then conclude that the sealer is really sealed.

Sugar is, of course, a preservative, and jams and jellies keep more easily than canned fruits because of the larger quantities of sugar which they contain. Fruits are in general much easier to can then vegetables, so the latter are as a rule left to the professional canner, while the housewife looks to her own jams, jellies and marmalades.

THIS brings us once more to the point from which we started, the relative merits of home and canned products. It is perhaps clearer now why the commercial enterprise has gained so in favor during recent years. Canning is a ticklish business, and the control of conditions is easier in the factory than in the kitchen.

The conservative housewife will deny this, will point to her selection of the choicest materials, her care in the process and the individual flavor of the finished product, not to mention the question of cost. It is worth while to consider these points.

First as regards materials,—if the housewife grows her own fruits and vegetables, obviously she may have the best of it both as regards quality and cost. But if she buys her fruit she is less fortunate; for one thing, the fruit has probably been picked at least a day before it reaches her; for another, if she lives at some distance from the source of supply she may not even have a chance to buy the best grade of fruit. The manufacturer, on the other hand, has his factory in the fruit district, and as a rule preserves his fruit on the day on which it is picked. He thus gets the fruit in the best condition, and this means less waste and a better quality of preserve than is possible with fruit delayed in transportation.

This claim for superior material with the manufacturer may be disputed, but the fact remains that, whatever conditions have been in the past, the jam and canning factories of to-day do use high grade materials. They cannot afford to do otherwise, as defective materials mean a poorer product and constant danger of spoiling. Then, too, pure food legislation has insisted on good quality. Compounds, i.e., cheaper jams in which a filler such as apples has been added to the fruit, must be clearly labelled as such, and in buying strawberry jam one may rest assured that it is strawberries one is getting not turnips. So, too, only pure sugars are allowed, saccharine adulterants being forbidden, and the commercial glucose used only in inferior jams which are appropriately labelled. The government is actively concerned in securing the purity of canned products, but it is not alone in its efforts. The Dominion Canners maintain an experimental station and laboratories with a view to discovering the best materials for use as well as the best methods.

In regard to method, it must be pointed out that manufacturers are more guided by scientific precepts than are housewives. They have to be; the housewife may lose an occasional jar of fruit and stand the strain, but a business man dare not risk losses which are sure to be on a large scale. Consequently every precaution is taken to render the canned goods sterile, this being the interest of the man who makes the goods as well as of the one who uses it. In the United States the Bureau of Chemistry is in close touch with all canners, and gives them the benefit of its experiments and discoveries. These are, of course, equally open to the housewife, but she is less apt to profit by them. She cannot gauge times and temperatures as accurately as does the manufacturer, nor has she the same knowledge of their significance.

Similarly, as regards equipment, that of the housewife is usually limited to a preserving kettle, but the canning or preserving factory is fitted with nicely devised apparatus for superheating, for cooling, for sealing, in fact for every detail of the complete process. A uniform procedure is possible, and here again is a gain over the less exact methods of the housekeeper.

Of flavor, opinions will differ. One suspects the novelty and variety have a good deal to do in coaxing the palate. Probably, however, the best home product does surpass the best commercial goods, just because food prepared in large quantities somehow seems to lack

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*The doctrine advanced by Miss McMurchie is rather startling. Some housewives doubtless will disagree with her most emphatically. We will be pleased to hear from any of our readers who can point out from practical experience just what is the difference in cost between home and factory preserves and canned goods. Is it not possible to produce preserves at home at a lower cost, even figuring the cost of labor, than they may be purchased at the store? If so what are the figures?*

—THE EDITORS.

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individuality of flavor. But one can scarcely generalize on a matter so uncertain, and in a comparison of averages one suspects that the commercially canned goods have it. As regards canned vegetables, few people will deny the advantage of the factory over the home product.

*We find that a strain of innate conservatism pledges women to the methods of their grandmothers; they feel that bought jam bespeaks the improvident housekeeper, and that to preserve her own fruit is to be counted to the housewife for righteousness. But new occasions teach new duties. The old idea of housekeeping as concerned in the making of products is passing. The modern housewife finds herself instead with the responsibility of buying thrust upon her.*

THE question of cost is even more difficult. For large institutions where hundreds are fed daily, canned goods are proven to be cheaper, but for the average home the matter is not so easily determined For one thing, the housekeeper quoted at the beginning is representative of most of her kind in that she does not reckon cost, rather regarding it as unimportant compared with quality. Even if she does essay to count the cost she generally makes out a better case for her product by neglecting the cost of labor and fuel and considering only materials. Even so, canned goods run close to the home-made ones, for the manufacturer, because he buys in huge quantities probably gets his sugar from 1½ to 2 cents per pound less than the housewife can. So, too, his fruit must run about 25 per cent. less, and vegetables are even cheaper. All this enables the maker to pay wages and rent and still have a substantial return for his money while selling close to the housewife's cost. But possibly it is unwise to ignore the cost of fuel and labor. Canning is trying work, it brooks no delay and often falls on hot days that tempt one to be out of doors instead of in the kitchen. Not only the climbing gas meter or the diminished coal bin, but also the housewife's loss of strength and pleasure must be reckoned if we are to balance values fairly.

Considering the question of canning and preserving in its larger economic aspect, it would seem, especially at the present time that the great thing to work for is the conservation of all food materials. Yearly thousands of dollars worth of fruit and vegetables are allowed to rot in our gardens, yet people are not seriously facing this wastage. In the present crisis, when all our resources should be so jealously husbanded, to waste food is little short of a crime. Wherever fruit and vegetables grown at home cannot be marketed, every effort should be made to preserve them. Two ways of doing this may be suggested. The housewife may avail herself of the scientific instructions offered by the various experimental stations, thus supplementing her own practical knowledge; and using the information gathered she may put down fruits and vegetables so that nothing may be left to waste. This applies, of course, to what is grown in her own garden for the preservation of which she is directly responsible. Secondly, an intermediate stage between home and factory methods may be adopted. The farmer who finds that his peach crop will fetch him little or no money because of a glut on the market may install a small canning plant of his own, employ people to assist, and in this way secure the surplus stock from spoiling. He then has canned goods instead of raw fruit to offer on the market. This expedient is largely followed, especially in the southern states, as for instance, in the tomato clubs by which tons of tomatoes are yearly saved from spoiling. A safeguard is thus formed for the marketing of perishable products and a profitable home industry may thus be built up.

Of course, as canning on a large scale increases, and canning factories multiply throughout the country and are more widely distributed, the bulk of work is sure to pass from individual hands to centralized control. The claim of this article is that such a transference may in the end be a boon to the housewife. She may secure a standardized article, safeguarded by government regulation, and that at a cost little greater than that of home manufacture. Besides, household tasks are lightened, and this is perhaps the most welcome feature of the whole movement which tends to take the preparation of food from kitchen to the factory.

Probably the housewife would unfeignedly welcome this change were it not for an uneasy feeling that she is getting out of work. A strain of innate conservatism pledges women to the methods of their grandmothers, and they perhaps feel that bought jam bespeaks the improvident housewife, and that to preserve her own fruit will be counted to the housewife for righteousness. But new occasions teach new duties, and while the old idea of housekeeping as concerned in the MAKING of products is passing, the modern housewife finds herself instead with the responsibility of BUYING thrust upon her. She may welcome the change, with the added freedom from drudgery which it gives, but she should remember that her interest must follow her vanishing tasks, and that as purveyor for her home she is bound to have a knowledge of food products and their manufacture. Her duty is to secure for her family as clean and wholesome food as she herself could have produced. So the housewife sends her challenge to the manufacturer, and, to put it colloquially, It is then up to him to deliver the goods.

*The claim for superior material by the manufacturer may be disputed, but the fact remains that whatever conditions have been in the past, the jam and the canning factories of to-day do use high grade materials. They cannot afford to do otherwise as defective materials mean poorer product and constant danger of big losses. The housewife may lose an occasional jar of fruit and stand the loss, but the manufacturer dare not risk such losses. Consequently every precaution is taken to render his goods sterile.*

# The Reeve of Silver Island

## By Harry Moore

FROM the mainland at Wilkie to Silver Island, in Lake Erie, it is sixteen miles as the crow flies.

Under favorable conditions, the single-deck wooden steamer *Marie* can make the trip one way in less than two hours. In bad weather and a heavy sea, this staunch little craft has been known to take much longer; indeed for your edification the skipper will recite the incidents of a certain voyage that took from dawn until dusk. But that was during a terrific "sou'-easter" when the waves washed over the decks and the firemen sweated blood keeping up fires in the boilers.

Promptly at nine o'clock one calm, beautiful morning in September, the *Marie*, with a crew of eight and nine passengers, had pulled out of port at Wilkie and had steered a straight course for Silver Island.

The passengers, who shall with one exception be nameless, were a clergyman, returning after spending a week on the mainland; a farmer's family, consisting of himself, wife and three small daughters; and a big man in a check suit, who the previous night had registered at the Aberdeen Hotel, Wilkie, as John Best.

While the others, sitting in the shelter of the skipper's cabin, talked on spiritual matters and the tobacco crop —two topics dear to all true islanders— John Best paced the cramped deck before them, his head bowed low on his breast, and his hands tightly clasped behind his back.

Forty-two years had given this man a sturdiness of form; a life filled with bitter experiences had furrowed his brow; but there were withal traces of benevolence and a big heartedness in his deep blue eyes and rather round face.

Occasionally raising his head and hungrily turning his eyes towards a gradually enlarging dot on the horizon, John Best paced ceaselessly. Suddenly he stopped, his head went erect, and standing with his hands on the rail forward, he listened.

THE captain, leaning over above, was conversing with the minister below, and he was saying that fifteen years ago that very day—September 10th—he had as a passenger to Wilkie, a young islander named Bill Wurst, who was on his way to serve fifteen years in the penitentiary for murder.

"I knew this lad Wurst," said the skipper—"Ever since he was so high, and although he was what you might call wild, yet his pranks never did anybody any harm. You know, Mr. Owens, I often think that the law makes mistakes. I'm not a lawyer and therefore don't know much about the matter, but it strikes me that men are often sent to gaol without having been given a show. In the case of Bill Wurst it was circumstantial evidence only.

"Now, as I was saying—I knew this boy ever since he was a little kid. His parents were poor, but highly respected. His father, old Herman, carried mail backwards and forwards to this boat for many, many years. The boy's mother was a lady. Had she been rich, she could have taken her place—and been fitted, too—for any kind of society.

"Well, one morning the body of John Stanton, an old fisherman, was found in a row-boat off the West Side, and Bill Wurst, having been the last one seen with the old man, was arrested, tried and convicted. Circumstantial evidence—every word of it! The boy pleaded and pleaded: but there was no use—they sentenced him to fifteen years close confinement. And think of it, he was a man of but twenty-six.

"Shackled in that cabin down there he was when I went in to see him. A constable sat on each side of him.

" 'Bill, my boy,' I said. 'I'm sorry to see you in this shape. Tell me as man to man, did you do it?'

"The tall fellow arose to his feet and his lips trembled—'Skipper,' he began—'I've known you ever since I was a little fellow in dresses. You have always been like a father to me, and I could not tell you a lie. Before God, I protest my innocence. I know nothing of Stanton's death. But Frank Law knows—Frank Law knows.' Those were his very words—Frank Law knows.' Frank was the son of Judge Law and a wild harum-scarum rowdie.

" 'Then why are you here? Could you not prove your innocence?'

"Bill Wurst's head sank on his breast and his eyes stared at the floor—'Skipper, it's hell to be poor. With money, I could have fought them—with money, I could have had a good lawyer—as it was—' he threw out his arms in utter helplessness and sank to his seat.

"Fifteen years ago to-day it was, Mr. Owens, and no man on the island has ever heard of the boy since."

"A very strange story," commented John Best, taking a part in the conversation— "And I hope you will pardon me for passing an opinion. Tell me, how did this young man's parents take this terrible event in the life of their son? They loved him did

"Should I have done it, should I have done it?" he kept asking himself

they not? Are they still living?"

"The father died nine years ago," the skipper told him—"He was broken-hearted and his mind was gone. The mother still lives—a finer old body God Almighty never gave breath to. You will see her cottage, stranger, south of the hotel, and if you pass there at night, you will notice a light burning in her window. That light has been there for fifteen years—for the old body believes that her boy will come back again."

THEY were crossing the northern channel taken by the lake steamers and the skipper returned to the wheel. John Best went to the prow of the boat, the engines chugged, and the approaching island rapidly assumed shape.

"A stranger to these parts?" asked the clergyman, appearing suddenly alongside.

"I'm from the west," answered John Best evasively, in a husky voice.

"You'll find something worth while here," the minister said pointing to the island. "To my mind, Silver Island is the land mentioned in the Holy Word as 'flowing with milk and honey.' Situated as we are in the same parallel of latitude as sunny Italy, we can grow grapes, melons, tobacco—most anything. A splenid climate, fine people and contentment." Mr. Owens looked over the side of the boat and watched "the bone in the teeth" of the *Marie*, then he turned to John Best.

"By the way, are you a member of any particular church?"

"A Methodist," answered John Best, quietly—"At least, I suppose I am, for my parents were both members—"

"Parents living?"

"Mother is—father is dead."

"Going to stay long on the island?"

"It all depends—if I find business good, I may settle there—"

"And what might your business be?"

The big man smiled genially at his interrogator.

"Real estate," he replied.

Nearer and nearer they drew to the island, finally the wheel ceased to turn, then the engines reversed, and the *Marie* slowly and quietly entered a channel and swung alongside the dock.

For a minute John Best stood and looked up the quay to shore, then he walked into the cabin, picked up his grips, gave some instructions about his trunks, and left the boat.

Stared at and commented on by the groups collected to see the boat come in, he strode briskly up the walk and coming to a road, he went south, passed a hall, a couple of houses, a post office and general store, then he turned to the left, struck up a gravelled drive, climbed the steps and entered the waiting room of the Aquatic Inn.

The proprietor—a small man, with a very red face—took his baggage, handed him the register to sign, they conversed and then went to the bar.

"And I may be here for some time," John Best concluded, buying a cigar, "Providing of course, the people use me right."

"The people here are all right," the proprietor declared, walking to the till and dropping the money into it with a jingle—"You'll find Silver Island folks a decent lot, but devilish hard on the man who breaks the law. Now, I've had by troubles lately, and I don't mind telling you, for I know a straight man when I see one. They put detectives in here to see if they could catch me selling after hours, and——"

In the hall near-by, the dinner-bell rang, and when the sound died away, the landlord advised his guest that "the washroom is at the end of the hall. Step this way, Please."

Suddenly he stopped, and standing with his hands on the rail forward he listened

## II.

SILVER Island, with its light-houses on the north and south points, was a foot-shaped body of land, four miles across at its narrowest part and nine miles from heel to toe. Its population was in the neighborhood of seven hundred people, having their own

municipal council (consisting of a Reeve and four councillors), a "town" hall, a small brick-lock-up, and a steamship line of one boat—The *Marie*. Three post offices—North Side, East Side and West Side—distributed and collected mail at the postmaster general's pleasure. On the West Side, the dock, hall, and most important of the business-places were located.

Divided into three wards, the island had a school and a church in each division.

The islanders lived principally by farming, fruit and tobacco growing, and fishing. Time was when they had worked in the quarries on the North Side, but the demand for building stone fell off, the contractors and their ships came to the island no more and the quarries were closed and the machinery dropped to pieces through disuse and rust.

Then the islanders went more into tobacco and grape culture and at their leisure watched the gathering armada of "sand-suckers" at work off the south point.

The island was rocky at the north, sandy at the south, and in the centre—or, as termed locally, "middle-ground"—a bog.

While the island had its allurements in summer, when tourists came and visited its large vineyards, or passed a pleasant afternoon driving on its splendid roads; in winter, communication with the mainland was impossible, save occasionally when someone made the trip to shore on an ice-boat. These were rare occasions, though, and he was indeed fortunate who made the round trip without mishap.

But to return to John Best.

That afternoon he rambled along the road towards middle-ground. Arriving there he spent a long time in deep study. Before him lay an expanse, four miles wide, and at least three miles deep. Here and there amid the rank growth of marsh hay and weeds were ponds dotted with ends of sunken logs—breeding places for flies, mosquitoes and reptiles. Turtles slipped from the logs as he approached, and an ominous rattle in the weeds near the road cautioned him that there was danger ahead. For the island was noted for its deadly rattlers, the poisonous copper-heads, and the numerous, but harmless, water snakes.

WITH the eye of the promoter, John Best gazed on this waste land. Irrigation he knew from the ground up, but the reclamation of this strip of country would mean work of another kind. With water all around, how could this territory—it being lower than the shore line—be drained? He stood for a long time in deepest thought, then a smile crossed his face. He had an idea. Supposing a canal was dug across the island and a pump was installed to pump the drainage from the canal into the lake. He began to laugh—the thing was shaping itself. Why stop at one canal? Why stop at one engine? It was big business—it would take a lot of money—and yet—and yet—it was feasible. Feasible? Why the thing was simple and simply had to be done. Before he turned away, John Best had made notes on the project, and had planned a scheme that looked as good on paper as it was possible to look. The only thing lacking was the money. "And yet," he muttered, "That may come just when I am ready for it. Then Silver Island will be a veritable Garden of Eden."

Jubilant in spirit, he started down the road, searching the trees as he went. Finally he stopped, crossed the road, and reaching up his hand, followed with his fingers a mark that had been cut in the bark many, many years before. It appeared above his head and was almost grown over.

*His*
*B. W.*
*Mark*

"Bill Wurst—His Mark—" He said aloud—"Years and years ago—a million years it seems—" He pulled out his knife and cut the initials "J.B." below. "A million years is a long—long—time."

He returned to the hotel late for supper and ate heartily. The Aquatic Inn was noted for its bountiful food, and John Best enjoyed his meal immensely.

After supper he sat on the balcony with his feet on the railing and watched the lights in a foreign country, nine miles south of the island. Then the shadows deepened, the stars appeared, so he got up and went down the south road, his heart beating madly and a sickening feeling at the pit of his stomach.

He stopped in front of a small cottage facing the road—its old chimney silhouetted against the sky. In a window a light was burning. The small gate stood open, so slipping inside he crossed the lawn and flattened himself against the wall.

The gray-haired little woman sat by the table, her knitting needles in her hands

Presently the air filled with millions of fish-flies driven in from the lake by a warm south breeze and he watched them as they drifted against the window like snow fanned by a blizzard. After a while the flies died out, the air cleared and John Best advanced along the wall, raised himself and looked inside.

He saw a gray-haired, little woman sitting by the table, knitting needles in her hands, and lying before her a large print copy of the Bible. From where he stood he could see clearly that the book was open at "The Parable of the Prodigal Son."

Suddenly the woman raised her face, their eyes met for a fraction of a second and as John Best popped out of sight, he heard a faint shriek.

Trembling nervously he ran into the shadows of some trees, the door opened and he saw her, with a startled expression on her face, peering into the night. Then she turned, closed the door, and he stumbled to the road and hastened to the hotel.

He went to his room and sat down in the darkness, his head in his hands, and a tempest in his brain. Then he arose and went to the window.

"Should I have done it—should I have done it?" he kept asking himself—"Would any other man resist the temptation—after—fifteen years? God only knows—God only knows——"

A rap on the door disturbed his reverie, and the landlord handed him a lamp.

"I forgot to place one in your room," he said, apologetically.

"I never thought of it," returned John Best, rubbing his eyes. Then as the host turned to go down the stairs—"Do you know of a building that would make a good office?"

The hotel man scratched his head.

"There is no building that I know of. But why not rent the front upstairs rooms in the hall. Reeve Simpson has the leasing of the building—I'll show you in the morning where he lives."

## III.

UP with the birds next morning, before seven John Best had routed the reeve out of bed, had visited the hall and leased the rooms. It was a splendid location, with a good view of the dock, the road and the lake.

Discovering that there was no furniture store on the island and not wishing to be delayed by having to go to Wilkie, the new-comer was forced to provided office furniture the best way he could. He gathered a chair here and a chair there, he got a desk from the

Continued on page 245.

# Gold Mining on the Rand

## By J. Wilbur Read

Illustrated from Photographs

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when the United States led in the production of gold. That day is a thing of the past, as it has been for some years.

In 1910 another U. S. A. was formed by the federaton of the British colonies of South Africa,—Cape Colony, Natal, The Orange River Colony and the Transvaal,—under the name of United South Africa. To-day the Transvaal leads in the production of the precious metal, and the new U. S. A. now holds the record that formerly belonged to the Yankees.

For some years since the Boer war the Witwatersrand Gold Field has produced fifteen million dollars worth of gold bullion every month, or approximately one hundred and twelve tons weight of the metal that was the most valuable of all until the development of the electrical industry caused platinum, which is much scarcer, to soar away above it in price.

Gold was discovered on the Rand in 1886. At that time Kimberly was the nearest railway station. It lies three hundred and nine miles southwest of Johannesburg, the center of the Rand, and supplies of all kinds were transported by ox wagon from the diamond producing center of the world to what was to become the gold producing center. Transport cost ernomous sums in those days, but the capitalist had confidence in the newly discovered gold field, and the price was paid without a murmur. The arrival of the railway at Johannesburg put the ox wagon out of business as a medium of transport.

The "Reef," as the gold bearing ground is termed, is four thousand five hundred feet above sea level where it crops out on the surface, and as yet nobody knows how far below sea level it extends. In several of the mines stoping is now being done over a mile below grass roots, and as shaft sinking is constantly progressing much greater depths will be attained. There appears to be no limit to the depth at which the ore can be obtained, but naturally the time will come when the working costs will become so great, as the result of the long haul to the surface, that the mines will be compelled to close down. This is largely due to the fact that the ore is of a very low grade,—so low, in fact, that if it was refractory it would be impossible to work it at a profit. But the ore is "free milling," there being no other metal mixed with it, hence there is no necessity for smelting it as is the case with refractory ores that carry several metals in a conglomerate mass. Smelting is expensive, whereas the cost of extracting gold from free milling ore is comparatively low.

FOR fifty miles one can travel along the Reef and never step off of ground that is being worked for gold. From the surface, to over a mile below grass roots, men are busy, night and day, breaking ground to be crushed in the batteries, where the metal is recovered.

The Rand is not a poor man's gold field. The ore is so low grade that enormous sums must be expended before any returns on the investment can be realized. Capital is sure of its returns, however, as the "reef," or strata, of which there are two, runs fairly uniform in value, and never "pinches out" as the vein often does in a mine where the ore is refractory.

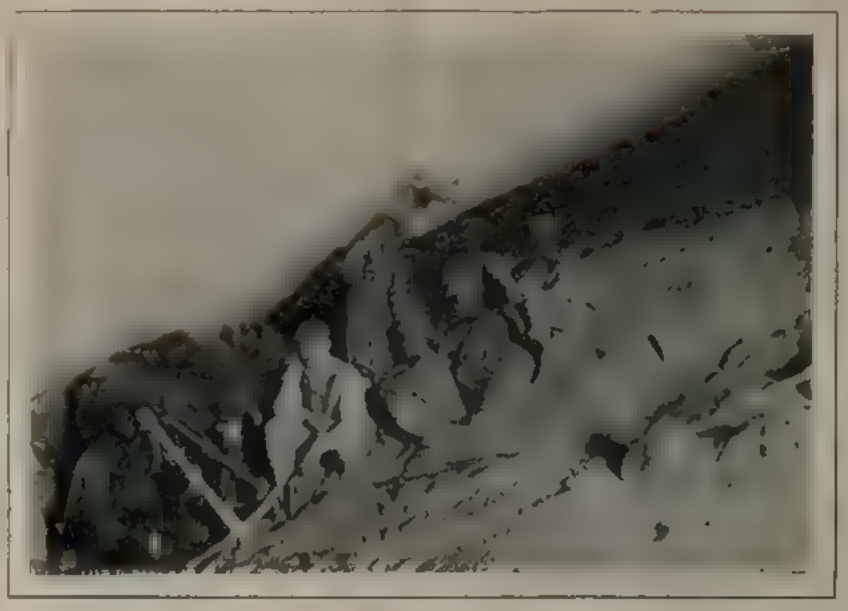
The two reefs, known as the "Main" and the "South," lie close together, the distance that separates them varying from fifty to three hundred feet, hence both can be worked from the same shaft. The reef varies in thickness from a foot, to forty feet in a few places, but is usually about three feet thick. As it is a fixed quantity, the element of chance, inseparable from mining where the ore lies in a fissure vein, is absent. In placer mining there is also the chance that the supply of ground will soon become exhausted, for the sand carrying the gold has always been deposited by a convulsion of nature that scattered it in certain places. The reef is inexhaustible, however, and appears to go to the center of the earth itself.

When the first mines were opened up on the Rand, shafts were sunk following the dip of the reef, which inclines to the south. Around Randfontein at the western end of the reef, thirty miles from Johannesburg, the gold bearing strata are practically vertical, but in most places the incline is such that the workers can walk up and down the stopes without the aid of ropes or ladders which are necessary where it is steep. This series of mines, that follow the reef from the surface, are known as the "Outcrops," the name coming from the fact that they are worked from the point where the ore crops out on the surface.

After work had progressed for some years and the presence of an immense body of ore was demonstrated beyond a doubt, another series of mines was laid out south of the outcrops. Vertical shafts were sunk, until the reef was struck, and not until that was accomplished did the production of ore begin. These shafts, on the "deep levels," are usually about two thousand feet deep. At the bottom of the vertical shaft a chamber is cut in which an engine, worked by electricity, is installed to do the hauling in the incline shaft that follows the dip of the reef. In the deep levels the mining is all done from the incline shaft, the vertical shaft being merely a means of approach to it.

When the Boer war broke out in 1899 a third series of mines, south of the "deep levels" was in process of development. This is known as the "deep deeps," the vertical shafts on them being about four thousand feet deep. "Catlin shaft" on the Jupitor Gold Mine, eight miles east of Johannesburg, is four thousand two hundred and fifty five feet deep, it being the deepest shaft in the world on a gold mine.

WORK on the "deep deeps" is handled as on the deep levels, the incline shaft starting at the bottom of the vertical. All of the shafts on the deep levels, with the exception of a few of those that were sunk first, contain four compartments, or haulage ways. When the "deep deeps" were sunk the long haul made it necessary to provide even more room, the result being that the newer shafts have six, and in a few cases eight, compartments. Two compartments are devoted to hauling the men, and they contain cages with three decks. The other compartments are used for hauling ore. One revolution of the drums on the hauling engine operates two cages, or skips, as the car is termed that carries ore. While one cage is descending the shaft the other is being hauled to the surface.



A stope on the Walhuter Gold Mine

At the top of the vertical shaft stands the "banksman," who attends to loading men and supplies to go below. He closes the door when the cage is loaded, signals the engine room, the engineer, or "driver," as he is termed, waits thirty seconds as the law directs, starts the engine and the cage descends the shaft. At the bottom of the shaft is another man, known as the "onsetter," who attends to loading the cage underground, his duties being identical with those of the "banksman."

A man known as the "skipman" takes the place of both banksman and onsetter in the incline shafts, this being true of those that start under-ground as well of those that begin at the surface. He rides up and down in the skip, and attends to the work at both ends of the shaft.

Prospecting on both the deep levels and the deep deeps is done with a diamond drill. These drills are not owned by the mines, as they are used so seldom that it pays better to let the contract for the work to men who specialize in it. The drill is rigged up and the work is done by boring a hole into the earth. Sections of steel pipe are joined together as the work progresses, the bottom section, or bit, cutting the rock with carbons, or black diamonds, that are set in it. As the pipe is sunk into the earth it encloses a core, or vertical section of the ground. This is raised to the surface where it shows each strata of rock through which the drill passes. Upon striking the reef there is great rejoicing among the stockholders and a consequent advance in the price of shares in the property under development. Many times the Johannesburg stock exchange has gone wild and prices have soared skyward when the driller has struck the reef.

Work now begins in earnest, and preparations are made to handle it to the best advantage. When it gets to producing ore each mine becomes in itself a small village. Between fifteen hundred and three thousand Kaffirs are employed. They are recruited "up country" and signed up for six months. They are housed in a compound, provided with rooms to sleep in. The mine also feeds them, and provides medical attendance, having a hospital where they are cared for when sick or injured by accident. These "boys," do the manual labor and are paid wages varying between thirty seven cents and seventy-five cents a day, their rate of pay depending upon the nature of the work they do. Their food consists of "mealie pap," or corn meal mush, which is supplied daily. Meat is furnished twice a week.

All skilled labor is done by white men, the kaffir being merely a semi-civilized savage. Ultimately he may become civilized. There are tribes in Central Africa, members of which are employed on some of the mines, that actually know no more than an intelligent horse or dog.

On each mine there are a number of buildings, among which are the office,

surveyor's office and drawing room, compressor house, engine rooms, boiler houses, machine shop, carpenter shop, drill shop, assay office, crusher house, battery, cyanide tanks, extractor house, boarding house, single men's quarters and houses for the married men. At the top of each shaft (the law requires two on every mine), there is a head gear, or frame work of wood or steel, that enables the cages and skips to be hauled above the surface.

SHAFT sinking begins when the reef is struck, and the various buildings are erected as the work progresses, the battery, cyanide tanks and extractor house coming last as they are unnecessary until the mine begins producing ore.

When the shaft strikes the reef development work begins in earnest. Drives, or tunnels, are run from each side of the shaft through the ore body. Driving is done from both shafts simultaneously, two approaching each other and meeting, while the other two run to the boundary of the mine where they stop, although many are ultimately connected with the next property.

A chamber is cut at the bottom of the vertical shaft where the incline shaft begins. A hauling engine is erected in this chamber to operate the skips in the incline which follows the reef downwards. At distances varying between a hundred and fifty and two hundred and fifty feet apart other drives are run from the incline, the one at the bottom of the vertical being known as the first level. The next below is the second level, each level corresponding to the stories in a building, being known by its numeral.

Shaft sinking on the Village Deep Gold Mine

A head gear on the New Gold Mine

Battery Interior, Walhuter Gold Mine

The average life of the Rand miner is three years and eleven months. This is not due to accidents, of which there are few, but to the fact that they contract "miner's phthisis," a disease for which no cure is known. The dust settles on the lungs, becomes imbedded in the tissue, and the sufferer usually dies of hemorrhage. A section of the lung of a man who has died from this disease looks like a slab of cement when viewed through a microscope.

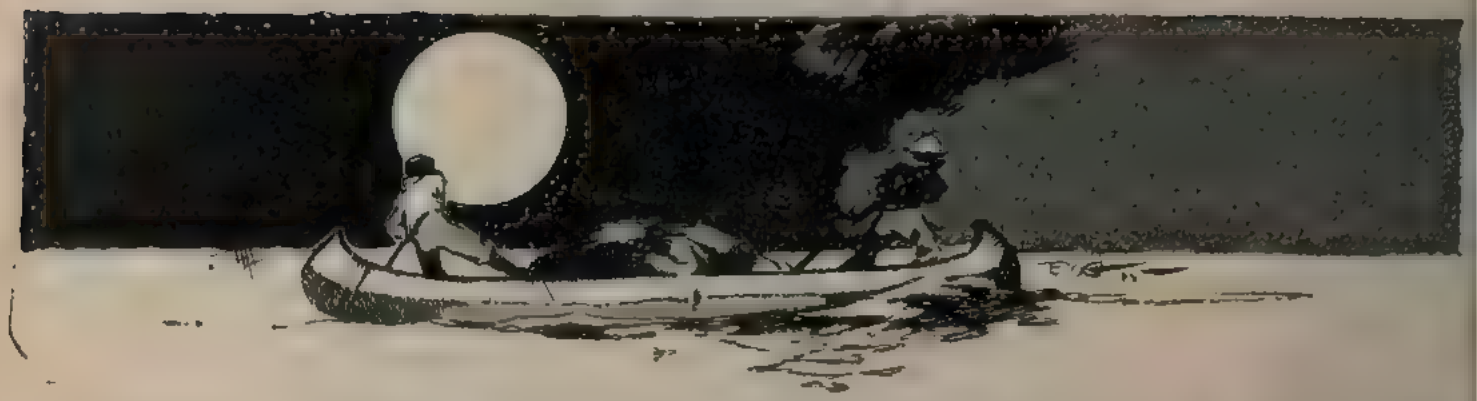
Development work—driving, shaft sinking, raising and sinking winzes,—is the most deadly as the conditions under which it has to be done make proper ventilation impossible. This being the case the developer is forced to breathe more dust than the stoper, who is able to secure cleaner air. It is the developers who make the most money, however, hence men are always anxious to secure this work, although a few will not do it. The work is done by contract, the developer being paid by the foot for the ground he breaks, and the stoper by the fathom. Formerly this practice was universal, but today many miners are paid a stated sum per day, the result being a smaller check when pay day comes around. Shortly after the war a shaft sinker on the Village Deep Gold Mine showed the writer the check he had received for his month's work. It called for $1,765.37 and was the biggest ever

Continued on page 249.

# The Son of the Otter

## By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The sun gradually lingered in the sky, sending forth warmer rays, and the bears began to come out of their holes, still very fat, and in a few days became thin and gaunt owing to hard searching for food that was yet very scanty. The hunters trapped seven of them at this time.

They had also accumulated good packs of other fur, for the winter had been a prosperous one, in spite of fierce cold and heavy snows. They buried the mother of Mititesh, and as soon as the river began to clear they greased the stove and all the traps and hung up the wire snares in bundles. Then they gummed the canoes carefully with spruce gum melted in a tin can, to which they added fat so that the gum would not crack, until the tiniest hole or split in the bark was well covered over.

At last came the time of leaving and Paul sang all day long, while hard at work. With the long days and the warmer weather, and in spite of the rising clouds of mosquitoes and black flies, there was a cheeriness in the mere feeling of being alive that was like being born anew. At last, very early one morning, they entered the canoes which were now very lightly laden and would always travel with the currents. The little river was swollen with the last of the snows that were melting on the high hills, and they had to be very careful of upstanding rock-ends and snags, often holding back the canoes hard with poles or paddles. It took them only until noon to reach Jean Caron's old camp. His canoe was very old and they decided that it was not worth taking away, since it would have also been a hindrance. Hence they merely said some long prayers before leaving in earnest for the long journey to the south, that would take but a few days. Ahteck held his canoe close to the bank while Mititesh knelt in the bow with a fine new paddle, made just as high as herself. Ahteck had fashioned it for her of spruce, with his *couteau croche*, the crooked knife with which the men of the wilds are able to accomplish wonderful things.

The men took off their caps, made the sign of the cross and paddled away down stream, the canoes gliding fast over the heavy flood. But when they reached the first lake Aleck, instead of going to the outlet and traveling down the river, that is frightfully rough in high waters, they made a portage over some high hills and down to the Riviére Brulée.

Then the road lay through a series of small lakes abounding in pike into the Wassiemska River and finally reached the great Peribonca, near the narrow entrance into Lake Tschotagama. Portaging over many stupendous falls, less than two days more saw them at the mouth of the river, where they chanced to find a small stern-wheeled steamer that was getting ready to start across the great lake for Roberval. As the wind was high on the lake they decided to take it. Putting their canoes on deck, after piling their bales and packs in the stern, they were soon tossing on the waves of Piakuamits, the Shallow Lake, as the Indians used to call Lac St. Jean.

They were still a good many miles away when they began to distinguish Pointe Bleue. Then, in the bright sunlight, amid the tender greens of pastures and the browns of recently ploughed fields, appeared the little houses and the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company and of Revillon. Above these was uplifted the spire of the little church of the Oblate Fathers, missionaries who have for many years labored among the Indians of the North. Upon the shore there is no dock, for the beach is rough and steep and badly exposed in stormy weather. When the little steamer arrived within a hundred yards of it the engine stopped and backed a turn or two, and the men put their canoes overboard, piling in the heavy fur packs. They got in, very carefully, and Mititesh followed. It was ever so interesting and pleasant to look at the shore. After the long winter it was like getting to a new country. The poplars and the birches, in soft greens, seemed to wave a welcome in the breeze. In some far-away burnt places the fire-weed threw a warm and gladdening touch upon the land. The cows, the few horses attached to rickety buggies and carts, the people stirring on the shore, all gave an impression of a life easier and more kindly. It was wonderfully beautiful.

Upon the beach there was a small crowd, because some one had noticed that the steamer, instead of making straight for Roberval, was coming to Point Bleue. This could only mean that hunters were returning. Men were looking for friends, women were awaiting their men, and no one ever knew whom the boat might bring. At any rate it was an arrival from the distant hunting grounds, with furs to be inspected and commented on, new tales to be told that would only be variants from those they had been brought up on, and yet must always be absorbingly interesting.

Paul and Ahteck paddled very carefully for the waves were rather high for the canoes, and there was no little danger of capsizing. The little steam-

er's bell jingled, its whistle emitted a thin white cloud, in salute, and it departed along the shore towards the dock at Roberval.

They landed safely, with the help of some men who stepped into the water to steady the canoes,which were at once unloaded and carried up on the stony beach and left there, bottom up. It was good indeed to get back after the long winter. Ahteck saw his mother, who was running towards him, and the two children galloping madly ahead of her and shrieking, "*L'Oncle Caribou, L'Oncle Caribou*!"

Paul also had a sister to greet him, and his old mother. Dear me! But it was a great reunion! The children insisted upon being lifted up and kissed, a procedure that usually filled most of the bystanders with astonishment, for it is a custom that is being but slowly adopted by the Indians.

Then, for a moment, little Mititesh felt very lonely. There were no people hurrying down to meet her. The two men who had been so kind to her were being appropriated and made much of by others. She felt that she was like one of those old canoes stranded on the beach and beyond repair, a thing of no interest to any one. The two children who had leaped to Ahteck's arms had taken him away from her. There would be no more long journeys with him through the forests, no campfires in the snowy wastes, under the shelter of great rocks or upstanding timber with branches all glistening with ice and snow. The end of those wonderful days had come.

The woman Uapukun was looking at her big son. He had put his hand on her shoulder, tenderly, but had given no other token of the great love they bore each other. The woman kept on gazing, studying him, seeking to discover whether on his face she could find any change in his spirit. But she realized that he was still under the spell—was still bending under a load tremendously great even for his massive shoulders.

Then the man stepped over to where little Mititesh was waiting, looking very wistful and sad.

"This is the daughter of Jean Caron," he said, gently pushing the child forward. "Her people have died in the big woods. They were very good to me some years ago, when I first came here. We buried them both and put up crosses. I said I would care for this child, that the man might die in peace. She will live with us."

The kind-hearted woman greeted the child pleasantly. In that land it took but very few words to explain tragedies, for they are so common. Since her son wished it she would be only too glad to take another child to her heart. Ahteck had spoken; he was the man

## Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barrotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one despairing cry, he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack. Ahteck goes at once to Caron's camp, where he finds Mititesh, half starved, mourning over the body of her mother. Ahteck places the body in a tree to await burial in the spring, and returns with Mititesh to his own camp. Ahteck takes up her father's line of traps for Mititesh and finds a valuable black fox. Upon their return from the North this pelt is sold for enough to pay all of her father's debt at the Company's store and leave her more than a thousand dollars in the bank. Ahteck refuses to take Mititesh back to the North country the following years, but insists she attend school. Here she rapidly develops into a beautiful maiden but never loses the idea that she has promised to be Ahteck's woman. The big trapper, fearing his love would bring disaster, fights against an avowal of his love and even tells his mother that he does not love Mititesh, which denial the maiden unavoidably hears.

of the family, and she would never have thought of discussing the slightest of his desires. It was not only her love she would give for his sake, since she would have lain down her life at his bidding, with happiness in her eyes, if this could have served to lessen his pain. She took the girl's hand in her own, affectionately, and bade her welcome, whereupon Mititesh smiled again and, there and then, began to worship her.

"Pierre, Lucie!" called Uapukun, "this child is Mititesh, whom you know, and from now on she is to be for both of you like another sister."

The children came forth, bashfully at first, and shook hands, looking curiously at her. But they made friends very soon, impressed by the pleasantness of her voice and the gentleness of her manner. They wanted to take her away immediately to see a couple of bear cubs that had been brought in by an Indian, a week or two before, but they could not prevail on her, for there was still some work to do.

Uapukun had brought with her a tump-line and took a fair load upon her shoulders, though her son protested, for her soul longed to share his burdens and make them smaller. The men walked behind her, staggering under great packs, and Mititesh also carried something, while the younger children ran on ahead, bearing the two guns, that were higher than themselves. Other women who had come down to witness the arrival went slowly home, envious, to wait longer for their men.

It was extraordinary to see a road again, and houses and fields. When they neared their own they could see the old cow peacefully munching the grass close to the fence, while a leggy calf stood by. A litter of curly-tailed piglets were scampering in the yard; some geese came forward, with necks extended, truculent as usual; a hen was scratching for her chicks. It was all ever so marvelous.

They entered the little house, that was exceedingly neat and clean, for the wife of Peter McLeod had learnt the best ways of the white women. She put down her pack upon one of the wooden benches and turned to the others, standing up and speaking in a manner that had some dignity.

"*Statomiskatinou*, a welcome to thee Ahteck, who art safely returned, and to thy friend Paul. A welcome also to child Mititesh. This house is gladdened at the sight of you all. May the blessing of God be upon us!"

They all crossed themselves, devoutly, and Paul took leave of them to return to his mother's house, that was farther down the road. There was a little feast with many good things to eat, and then friends came in, to find out whether the hunting had been good, and cried in amazement at the pelt of the black fox, the news of which they afterwards scattered far and wide. It was late before they all went to bed, so that the children, who had utterly refused to leave the room, began to nod and were finally borne away by their mother. Before retiring, however, Uapukun remained alone for a time with her tall son, a moment she had been longing for. They sat together, in the doorway, where the night breeze was blowing soft and laden with scents from the flowers on the hillsides. A slender crescent of moon showed in the sky, and tiny clouds scurried across it, so filmy that they never quite concealed it. A woman, belated in visiting a sick neighbor, passed along the road and saw the two, dimly, so that she wondered what pair of lovers there might be in that house, for they were hand in hand, very near one another. It was a joy and happiness for them. To the woman it was like a reprieve from some harsh sentence, for the one great terror of her life was that the curse they both believed in might overtake her son when he was far away, so that she would never see him again.

But now he was with her once more, her first man-child, the great sturdy son whose heart was yet as that of a little one, though his courage, like his body, was that of a giant. For the time being it seemed to them as if all dread spirits of evil were being swept away by the same wind that carried off the clouds, and as if *Tshishe Manitou*, the good spirit, was now swaying the whole world.

When they finally rose the woman kissed her tall son, tenderly, and once in her room, where the two younger children also slept, she knelt for a long time by her bed before her lips touched the poor little ring that had been Peter McLeod's. With all her heart she had given thanks that Ahteck was still with her.

## CHAPTER XVI,

### THE SALE OF THE BLACK FOX

In the morning, of course, every one rose quite late. The attractiveness of a real bed to people who have slept on the ground, and on hard bunks, for many months, is rather hard to describe, although at first sleep does not come very easily in such unwonted luxury. The two children began by filling the little house with the noise of their laughter. They caught up the hands of Mititesh and scurried away with her, to show her many treasures. There was a bark canoe at least two feet long, and a rag doll, and the skin of a weasel captured by the boy during a raid on the chicken coop, and a Canada jay in a cage made of sticks, who shrieked all day long and would take a bit of meat from one's fingers. Besides all this there was the cow and her calf, and the chickens, and five geese led by an impudent gander who always appeared to have a chip on his shoulder.

People began to troop in the road in front of the house, for there was great excitement that day in Pointe Bleue on account of the black fox. Old decrepit men long past their days of hunting came to see it, and touched it most carefully. One or two of these ancients spoke of having seen others just as fine, but the young folk scoffed and declared it was impossible.

It was really a quite long procession, that marched down to the Hudson's Bay Company's Post, and the agent opened his eyes when the skin was placed on the counter. He did his very best, without much success, to conceal his admiration, speaking slowly with a show of great candor.

"It is a very fair pelt," he declared. "Yes, a very nice pelt indeed. It is worth a good price and of course I will pay well. Oh! Ahteck, thou are the lucky man! It is fortunate, with a trapper of thy sort there will be little haggling. We both know the worth of fur. I will give five hundred dollars and, to boot, a new rifle that shoots many times, stronger than thy old 44, a rifle that drops a bull moose in his tracks when it is aimed by a hunter such as thou."

He expected a long conversation, but Ahteck quietly picked up the skin.

"It belongs to Jean Caron's daughter," he said, "for it was taken on her father's line. I must show it everywhere and get the best price for her. It may be that I will come back, but I must see others."

The agent did not worry much, for he knew that it would be a long time before the pelt could be bought and was glad of an opportunity to communicate with headquarters.

At the French company the process was repeated. The agent at once offered fifty dollars more.

"It is a good price, *monsieur*," said the man, a polite little *Frenchman from France*, as he was called to distinguish him from the *habitants*, "but now I will tell you. You are known to all as a good trapper, a man who takes no debt and always brings good fur. I want a man like you always to deal with our house. I will say at once five hundred and seventy-five dollars. Think how great a lot of money that is. Enough for a nice new house, or for horses and cows. Think of all that may be bought for that!"

His arms opened widely, as if seeking to embrace a vast bulk of things in order to show the inexhaustible purchasing power of such a sum.

But Ahteck only nodded quietly, and with a calmness that was exasper-

ating to the Frenchman, repeated that there was no hurry, and that he would wait before deciding.

"One instant! Just one last word!" exclaimed the agent. "I know that my house will blame me for paying such a price. Never will I obtain forgiveness from them. They will tell me I am as a child that does not know how to buy. But I want you to deal with me, and now I say six hundred dollars, all in money. By no means in trade. Here it is, all cash, fine new bills, look at them—just give one look! It is enormous!"

With the speed and deftness of a conjuror he had opened his cash drawer and was covering the wide counter with bills—ones and twos and fives and tens, till an immense space was taken up and the crowd stood around, fascinated by all the huge wealth spread out before them.

But Ahteck, towering above the others, stood quite unmoved. Had he not for some years helped with the trading at Grand Lac? Did he not know all the arts and wiles employed in dealing with the Indians for their fur.

"There is no hurry," he repeated. "Maybe I will come back again."

He left the place, quietly, with the interested crowd at his heels, while the agent rapidly picked up his money and locked it in the drawer before running over to the telephone to obtain the telegraph office at Roberval and send an inquiry to New York. He knew that at Revillon's, that year, good medium black foxes were quoted at about two thousand dollars, and that this was such an exceptional pelt that it would retail for much more.

In the meanwhile the Hudson's Bay agent was speeding toward the same office in his buggy, to wire at headquarters for instructions. He knew Ahteck of old and was aware that, in the end, only a big price would get that pelt.

The news, of course, had already spread very wide. People as far as Chambord, and perhaps Chicoutimi, had heard of the black fox. At the Hotel Commercial in Roberval a couple of fur buyers from New York and Chicago heard about it as they stepped into the bar to buy some cigars. They did not wait for the end of the long tale the bartender was ready to narrate but rushed out in the road. One of them, a long, lathy chap, beat his competitor by a couple of yards in the race. Their goal was a rickety buggy harnessed to a despondent horse attended by a half-breed *charretier*.

"Give me a show too, old man!" panted his stouter rival.

"Not much," exclaimed the winner. "To Pointe Bleue, my man, and hammer that old plug of yours."

**Mititesh soon became as one of the family, helping Uapukun with the house work**

The driver only understood the name of his destination and started with local leisure, until his excited fare shook him, yelling "*Vite, vite!*"

But a moment later another buggy arrived on the scene, with a horse that seemed rather faster, and the fat man annexed it.

"Pointe Bleue!" he shouted. "Five dollars if you catch that other fellow and pass him!"

Their sporting blood was aroused. Through the long street of the peaceful village they bumped and rocked over great ruts, scaring dogs and chickens, watched with amazement by the quiet *habitants* and mightily cheered by the usual irrespressible smallboy.

But when they reached the open country the contest, if anything, grew still more exciting. There were many sharp hills up which the horses panted going down again at a gallop that menaced the wobbling wheels with destruction. But the first man held the narrow road and smartly prevented the second buggy from passing him, at least until the reservation had been reached. Here, however, the road became much wider and the rear carriage shot ahead with a whoop of triumph. But they were neck and neck when they reached Ahteck's house, where the horses halted with vacillating knees and smoking nostrils.

Jumping out they both yelled together "Where's that fox pelt?"

Ahteck had just returned. Some of the men were still discussing the events of the morning, in front of the house. Uapukun was quietly ironing a boiled shirt for her son, for the next Sunday's mass, and little Mititesh was sewing; the other two children stood together, and gazed with staring eyes.

Ahteck looked at the two men very calmly. He hardly seemed to remember where he had placed that skin. He scratched his head very deliberately, and at last found it under some other furs.

But the buyers were shrewd fellows and had already cooled down. They were not particularly impressed, having had a long experience in dealing with Indians. They examined the pelt very carefully, and a look of indifference passed over their faces, as if they realized that they had taken a

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# HEARTS AND FACES

## By John Murray Gibbon

***This is the changing point in the career of George Grange, Artist. This short story gives one only a brief glimpse of the hero. For his early life in Scotland, and for his further development in Paris and his life and friends in the Latin quarter, we refer you to the book, "Hearts and Faces," by John Murray Gibbon.*** (Published by S. B. Gundy, Toronto.)

THE sittings for the Royal Portrait were arranged so that the portrait would be in time for the Academy Exhibition. George Grange had gone through all the preliminaries except presentation to the King and that was due at the next Levee. Eight years of drudgery, of clean, hard living and now—this portrait of the King, on which his future career depended. "England's Greatest Portrait Painter" had been the ambition incessantly driving him on. He would be another Durer or another Holbein, picturing the great men of his age, who shaped the policy, the thought, the happiness of their country. To reach that end he must relax no nerve. Honor and fortune were within reach of his hand. But he must be careful. A breath of scandal would annihilate his chances.

Had not Durer intrigued for *his* King's patronage that his place in history might be secure? George followed his illustrious example without shame. His studio dinners to the Committee in charge of the Portrait were perfection in food and wine. His after dinner supply of nude sketches for their inspection, unlimited.

The half dozen stiff society men on the Committee were relieved to find George living as a man of the world, not as an ordinary, old-fashioned artist. The days of Bohemia were past. George had now a studio in Tite Street with a man to look after it, a boy in buttons at the door, and a chef to cater to his somewhat fastidious tastes. In the anteroom a dreamy haired young Frenchman played airs on the piano. This was a hint George had taken from the history of Mona Lisa and found it beneficial to the nerves of sitter and painter alike. Many of his brother artists accused him of advertising himself as "The Artist Who Paints To Music." George cared not for their criticism as long as his patronage increased.

For the same reason he had joined an exclusive sporting club and frequented useful houses at tea time in frock coat and silk hat. In gaining a fashionable clientel he used wit as well as intrigue. One lady offered to secure him sitters if he would paint her portrait free. "I will paint your portrait," he replied, "not for what you offer, but because your face is beautiful." She was woman of the world enough to disbelieve him but she was enough woman of the world to repeat his version to her friends.

Who that had known George in his unstable college days could have prophesied this chase for fame?

Nathaniel Reid had begun the change which London continued. When the big, burly Scotch artist found real instincts for art in this aimless young Aberdeen student, fast drifting into a bookworm and a recluse, he took him into the open air.

"For God's sake, *live*," Reid urged him. "Don't grovel on at yon college. Ye have two hundred pound a year—money enough to live without working for it. Ye have no mither nor family. Come with me out-o'-doors, sonny. I'll guarantee to teach you the elements o' painting. Which is it to be? King's College and slow death or the world and life? Books that'll suck the guts out of ye or life and workin' from the life that'll make a man of ye. That's yer choice—Guts or Greek. Come, burn all yer books. There's no such a book as the Book of Nature. Read that."

HAVE you ever seen a plant that is sickly and backward, however much you may water it and feed it with fertilizer? In despair you transplant it to another soil, less rich perhaps but sunnier. Leave it to look after itself. In a month you find a strong, vigorous growth with blossoms blowing and clean, healthy leaves. The deeper it has been planted, the stronger the growth. So it often is with human souls. Nathaniel uprooted George from the provincial soil that encouraged a lazy growth. He planted him deep when he forced him to go through all the drudgery of learning to paint. George grew into a new man in the soil of art.

Reid formed his ideas of life as well as art. "The lassies are fine for young chaps as want to write poetry but so far as art goes they're no damned use.

Love, whether requited or unrequited, is a disturbing, meddlesome affection and the less you see of the lassies the better for yer general health of body and peace of mind. Gosh! Don't I know! Havna I been there myself' Ye go and get a bonny wee lass up on a platform, an' yer eyes get all fuddled up wi' a kind of glow and ye don't see a damn thing about her that ye ought to see. It's just the same in life itself. A lassie 's all right so long as she does not interfere with yer digestion. But take this from me, anything that puts a man off his porridge is better left alone. For what does it all end in? Why it ends in yer gettin' married.

"Now, sonny, d'ye think you could put in a day's solid work if ye was married? See what would happen. There's bairns, twa, three, sprawlin' about and botherin' the life out o' ye, an' the wife keeps bobbin' in an' out o' the room where ye just want quiet, sayin' 'Geordie, rin oot an' fetch half a pun o' soap, an' Geordie, what's a' that mess ye've been makin' in the kitchen sink?' an' 'Geordie, why can ye no fold yer trousers up tidy?' an' 'Geordie, where's the hammer an' the nails?' an' Geordie this an' Geordie that, till ye're driven fair daft and end by takin tae drink. . . . I maun get ye started on the right way of lookin' at things."

"Come with me out-o'-doors, sonny! Come, burn all yer books. There's no such a book as the Book of Nature. Read that"

IN the early winter Reid had cut George from his apron strings and sent him to London. He had now to go through the drudgery of learning to draw for he must learn command of form as well as mastery of color.

Though eager for friends George alienated the other students by his extreme neatness in dress. The "out at elbows" looked askance at his clean collars. And in turn, their very carelessness exasperated George into dandyism. It struck him that it was more sanitary if less artistic to differ in costume from an old clothes dealer. If he could not be friends with the men about him he could at least study their faces. He sought their company and the crowds on the London streets that he might know men and women right down to their hearts.

In all his eight years in London, George made only two friends. The first, Ravin, a French artist to whom Reid sent him, had tremendous influence on his work. In his loneliness George was acquiring a shy attitude to art. Ravin came into this young Scot's life just as a beam of sunshine on a summer morning steals through jealous shutters. One laughs and opens the window to the blessed air.

With Ravin George explored the curious foreign quarter of London and under his expert guidance learned more of human nature than in six years among the conventions.

With Ravin's favorite model, an auburn haired beauty, George frequented concerts and theatres and learned to encounter women without sucumbing to them. He saw about him other models and artist who mated; many a pretty, witty model degenerated into a wretched slut and the man submerged in poverty and drink. Sex was surging in George but some canny Scotch quality in his nature kept him virgin, valued ambition always above indulgence, halted him on the verge of any real adventure. A portrait painter must have no scandal in his life.

GEORGE owed his meteoric rise to fame to a lucky chance. A variety actress, thirsting for notoriety, claimed his "Portrait of a Wicked Woman" a libel on her character.' The contentions of both parties furnished amusement to newspaper readers for a week. Crowds flocked to the New Gallery where the picture was on exhibition. Five reprints of the catalogue were necessary. Finally when the case was settled by the actress withdrawing her accusation and paying all costs, George's name was made. Sitters of all kinds flocked to him. When the insolence of some of his patrons made his head ache he consoled himself that this state of affairs would not be for long. When he should have painted the King's Portrait, he could pick and choose among the sitters who sought him

A month before he was to begin work on the Royal Portrait, Ethel came into his life again. His heart which

had been asleep so long, awoke and stirred.

One Sunday he dropped into a Roman Catholic Church to enjoy the sensuous rite of incense, of music, and of color. The service appealed to George. With half shut eyes he watched the slender flame of candles mellow against the vestments of the priests.

A sob roused him. A few seats in front of him sat a woman, richly dressed. When she turned her face he recognized her—the same delicate, tender color and crisp gold hair. He had not seen her for six years yet it seemed yesterday that he listened to her self-told tragedy, and saw the bruises on her arms. That moment of intimacy had changed her for all time to George. Henceforth she had been, not a professional model with a drunken brute of a husband but his "Lady of Dreams." She had passed out of his life as quickly as she had come and all he had of her was a letter written from Paris, returning the money he had loaned her and thanking him for the debt of kindness she could never repay.

"We have inherited quite a lot of money, Wolseley and I, and he is quite changed. Money has reformed him. He is working hard and getting on awfully well. He is a theatrical manager, quite important already. With capital one can do so much. We are quite reconciled and he is a new man."

George had seen her husband's name in the London papers lately. He was extending his theatrical business and was taking one of the London houses.

George met her eagerly when the service was at an end. She offered him her hand and gaily urged him to call. Good living evidently suited her. She had lost the old sharp look of her days as a model. Yet he hated the patronage of money and all the while she chattered to him she seemed to say, "I am well off. I can afford this beautiful gown. I can give you a good dinner. I am my own mistress. Once you could have had me for the asking. You can't win me easily now."

Ethel had too close acquaintance with her mirror not to know her physical charms. She realized the impression she made on George. His keen, intellectual face caught her fancy anew. She had heard of the name he was making for himself in portraiture. His too was a generous nature or he would not have spoken to her again so kindly. In spite of her confident air she was longing for sympathy. A horrible suspicion had haunted her for weeks that her money was in danger. A change in her relations with her husband made her think of George still more. She would not pursue him, but her smiles, her coquettish eyes gave him great encouragement for seeing her again.

THE weeks that followed were feverish ones for George. The Royal Commission came ever nearer. Yet since his encounter with Ethel his mind was more concerned with her face than that of the King. He wondered whether she ever thought of him? Did her husband really treat her well. There were nasty stories still about Wolseley Greville judging from casual inquiries George made. A man of such a past was not likely to be changed No doubt he found it policy to humor his rich wife. . . . When would George ever meet a woman he could really love? How long was he to live this lonely life?

Now that George had met Ethel again it seemed that every one was talking of her. She held a stall at a charity bazaar, assisted by a Duchess, and her photograph was in all the illustrated papers. An officer whose portrait he was painting asked if he knew pretty Mrs. Greville. Another patron, a lady, offered to arrange a sitting for her dear friend Ethel Greville who would make such a charming portrait. Other incidents constantly recalled her.

The unrest that took hold of him was far too deep for him to fathom. He wondered if he was unwell because he could not work. He was just in the mood to feel the glamour of sex. Incessant work may for a while distract the mind from petticoats but only for awhile. The mind has a frame built of flesh and blood that cannot be sustained or satisfied with work alone. It has its hours for food and its seasons for the thrill of mating.

ONE night after the theatre came the culmination of George's temptation.

He yielded to her invitation to supper after the play. "There won't be many of us. My husband is out of town. We can talk of other things than plays. Just for the sake of old—that is, just to please me."

Her appeal was made winningly. And later in her comfortable brougham that held just two, with the windows closed and her warm, perfumed body so near him, her golden hair brushing his cheek, he felt the resolutions of years slip away from him.

The supper table was laid for two only. "Such a nuisance," she explained. "The others just phoned that they could not come after all. Never mind. I have been longing for a quiet tete-a-tete with you."

At first they both felt awkward in each other's presence. Then the simple fact of propinquity smoothed down the angles. How exquisite she was in figure! George knew that if he searched through London he could not find a lovlier.

"We can help ourselves." Ethel gaily dismissed the footman. "I do hate servants. Don't you think the Bohemian way is much better. Servants listen to what one says and things get about."

Ethel chattered on vivaciously but her voice came blurred to his ears. What would his old mentor have said to this midnight supper party. 'Keep clear o' the lassies.' Reid's words rang in his ears. "If ye can't, make the best o' them. Fit them with yer work, don't let yer work fit them.' How could any relation with Ethel enter into his work as a portrait painter This was a risky game.

Now she was quoting Keats "Ode to Psyche" to show him how her lessons progressed For as soon as she had acquired money she had begun to improve herself. George was thrilled by her voice She put such passion into the words:

*". . . . Two fair creatures, crouched side by side*
*In deepest grass, beneath the whispering roof*
*Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran*
*A brooklet, scarce espied.*

*"'Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,*
*Blue, silver, white, and budded Tyrian,*
*They lay calm, breathing on the budded grass;*
*Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;*
*Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu.'*

"You know the rest. And then, the end, my favorite lines——

*"And there shall be for thee all soft delight*
*That shadowy thought can win,*
*A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,*
*To let the warm Love in!"*

The firelight was playing in her hair. As she looked at him it seemed to flame in his heart.

"I still am pretty, amn't I?" she said softly. As she leaned toward him he saw how low her gown was cut.

His lips moved but without words.

"Tell me your thoughts," she whispered. "I *am* pretty, amn't I?"

"I was thinking," he answered slowly, "that that is what Delilah must have said to Samson. Would you, too, bring the Philistines upon me?"

She caught at his hand. "I am at your mercy. Perhaps *you* can do without me. I can't do without you. I can't live without love. Tell me

Continued on page 252.

# Current Events in Review

*Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire*

## The Wonderful Submarine Feat ?

WHEN the Hun submarine landed at Baltimore last month the pro-German press throughout the United States sent rush orders to the galley rooms for the jumbo type with which to inform the world of the wonderful feat performed by a German in crossing the Atlantic with a cargo of merchandise in a submarine. *The Montreal Herald and Telegram* summarizes the "bally-ho" cry in the following:

What a mass of exaggerated rubbish has been written about the arrival of a German submarine at an American port! Judging by some of the American papers, anybody would think it was the most outstanding feat of the war, while the accounts from journalists in Berlin would seem to indicate that the German people think the incident is going to turn the world upside down and win them the war. We read that it was in Herr Lohmann's gigantic brain that the scheme for a line of submarines was hatched, that he is now constantly interrupted by a continuous stream of messengers bringing telegrams of congratulations, and that "the epochal event has created a tremendous sensation throughout Germany."

Heavens above us! What is there remarkable in a German submarine crossing the narrowest of oceans when a British submarine has made the journey from Australia to the Dardanelles, and when submarine after submarine built in Montreal has gone across to the war zone under its own power? These vessels were not built especially for crossing oceans. The German boat, we are told, was. The Deutschland is over 250 feet long, equipped with modern engines, and built of steel. She ran most of the distance on the surface, and gave an imitation of the Jules Verne idea by submerging only when other vessels were around. What is there wonderful in the trip of a big modern boat like this compared to the feat of sailing one of Sir Thomas Lipton's racing yachts across the ocean, or compared to that of sportsmen who have crossed in motor-boats? What is there in it to compare with the feat of Captain Slocum, of Annapolis, N.S., who not only crossed the Atlantic in a fisherman's dory, but sailed completely around the world alone in a nine-ton sailboat he built himself in Massachusetts in 1892?

Why this "epochal" feat of the Germans, as it is called, is as nothing compared to other modern achievements in navigation—nothing compared to what British submarines have done with nothing more than the barest line to chronical the event. For feats in navigation that of the Deutschland is beaten to a frazzle by achievements of hundreds of years ago. The Vikings, who crossed the ocean in open boats, did a far more wonderful thing, and Champlain, when he came sailing up the St. Lawrence in his little cockleshell, the Don de Dieu, had the latest German feat beaten a mile. The trouble with the Germans is that they have "arrived" so late in the day that everything they do is a source of gasping astonishment and of world-splathering braggadocio.

*Kirby, in New York World*

**Nobody Home**

## The Thrift Problem in Canada

THE Bishops of the Anglican church at their recent annual meeting went on record that the gravest danger they saw in the present war crisis is the over prosperity of our people. The editor of the *Financial Times* of Montreal offers a solution of this difficulty with a plan to induce our people to purchase our war loan bonds in place of disposing of them in the Yankee marts. He points out that our people should be educated along lines of national and individual thrift. He writes:

Donald Macmaster, K.C., formerly an eminent Canadian, and now as always an eminent writer of letters to the newspapers, has been advancing in the London Times some suggestions for the encouragement of saving. There may be need for the encouragement of saving in Great Britain, and doubtless is; but it is as nothing compared with the need for encouragement of saving in Canada. Yet nobody appears to be seriously worrying about the matter in this country, and most of us are actually boasting about the activity in the trade in various undoubted luxuries, as being forsooth a sign of "prosperity."

Mr. Macmaster's chief suggestion for British use is the granting of an increased rate of interest in the post office savings banks for savings accounts, contingent on their being left untouched for a specified period, say eighteen months or two years. There can be no doubt that a large element of the public, both in the Old Country and here, can be induced to despoit funds in the savings banks when (owing to unfamiliarity with the method, failure

to realize the saleability of the security, or other reasons) they will not use those funds for the purchase of bonds. The question therefore arises. To what extent might this class of depositor in Canada be induced to increase his deposits, if he were offered a considerably higher amount of interest in consideration of agreeing to leave his funds on deposit for a lengthened period? Merely to render the deposits a fixed-date liability instead of a demand liability would do the Canadian Government little good, unless the amount of deposits were increased; for the clerical work in connection with the government banks could not be greatly reduced even if withdrawals were stopped altogether, and the gold reserve held on account of these demand liabilities is only ten per cent.—a matter to-day of about $5,300,000. Withdrawals and deposits run generally about $800,000 a month, or nearly ten million a year, so that the average life of such a deposit, as things are now, is about five years.

That the post office savings bank is, in Canada, a poor means of reaching for the savings of the middle and working classes is obvious enough from its record. Its branches from end to end of the country have about the same volume of deposits as the two specially chartered savings banks of private ownership in Montreal and Quebec alone, and about one-twentieth of the savings or "notice" deposits of the ordinary chartered banks. Post office savings bank clerks are civil servants, and Canadians somehow do not seem to love to do business with civil servants except when they have to. For its recent loan the Government employed the channels of the chartered banks almost exclusively—with brilliant results so far as concerns tapping the funds of that class of citizens which uses the chartered banks. For the purpose of promoting economy in other classes, however, it seems that the post office itself (not the post office savings bank) may still be a mechanism well worth trying.

We can see no reason why, by putting them up in attractive form and displaying them, with clever advertising matter, in all government offices and other conspicuous places, the Minister of Finance should not sell a good many million dollars of one-dollar certificates, exchangeable into ten-dollar "bonds" or (even five-dollar ones if practicable), ranking for interest at 5 per cent., not at a fixed date but six and twelve months from the date of sale by the post office authorities as stamped on the bond; such interest to be payable either in cash at the post office of origin or in the form of certificate at any other post office, the certificate to be remitted post free to Ottawa and a postal order there issued to the holder of the bond and charged against the account of the original issuing post office. The ten-dollar bonds should be repayable in two or three years from the date of issue, with an advantageous option for their exchange into an ordinary long-term coupon bond at 4 per cent., so as to afford an inducement for making the saving permanent.

The interim one-dollar certificates could be allowed to bear interest at any desired rate not in excess of 5 per cent. but not to be paid or allowed until the certificates are exchanged for ten-dollar bonds. Thus a one-dollar certificate which has been outstanding for six months would be worth $1.02½ at the post office of issue in exchange for the definitive bond.

It is quite possible that the money thus raised would cost the Dominion more for salesmanship and clerical labor than an ordinary 5 per cent. issue; but it would be money which could not otherwise be secured by the Government, and the borrowing of it would not diminish by a cent the ordinary reservoirs of available capital. More important by far than this, it would be money which as to about 90 per cent. would be spent on current consumption (of dispensable luxuries) if not thus corralled for the purpose of national and individual Thrift.

## Are We Really Prosperous?

NOW comes the editor of the *Financial Post* of Toronto with a review of general conditions in Canada which would indicate that we really are quite prosperous and if able to learn her lesson in thrift—that Canada will come out of the war with her head up and colors flying.

"For the half year which has just closed the extent of the building done in Eastern Canada does not come up to that of last year. So far the *Financial Post* has received information from 26 Eastern Canadian points, and they show returns for the month of June amounting to $3,529,000, as compared with $3,428,000 last year. At the same points the permits issued for the first six months of this year amount to $12,364,000 as compared with $13,039,-028 last year. In the West the returns are somewhat better than for the six months' period of a year ago. Nine points report permits aggregating $2,464,355, as compared with $1,694,-970. It cannot be said, therefore, that building is as yet active. There is, however, more inquiry as to the cost of building, and quite a number of manufacturers are watching for prices to adjust themselves so that building can be done at a reasonable figure. At some points, Windsor and Galt, in Ontario, for instance, additions to factories are quite common, and at points where industries are active there is considerable building of small houses. The tendency of the factory owner is to locate at suburban or rural points so as to avoid the taxation and high rents of large centres and in consequence some building is being done that is not covered by the issue of building permits.

"Judging on the Customs collections at our principal ports it is quite evident that much merchandise is being brought into the country, and at a rate out of all proportion to the volume which came in last year. This outside buying indicates great buying strength but it is suggested by bankers and shrewd business men, who look beyond the immediate present, that Canada is over-buying from abroad. There is no doubt but that this buying on so large a scale is sapping the economic strength of the country, and the result will not be apparent until the artificial stimulant of war orders is withdrawn. It cannot be urged too strongly that the only safe and sane position for the business men to be in at the present time is one of freedom from current liabilities. One of the most assuring features of the last bank statement was the reduction in commercial loans. The immediate cause was the liquidation of grain liabilities. Some caution, however, is being exercised, otherwise the commercial loans of Canada would be very much higher than they are at present. Banks would readily accommodate the good borrower, but it is the latter that very judiciously refrains from incurring any more than necessary liability.

"As reported elsewhere on this page, the crops are advancing very satisfactorily, and they are now at a point that would justify business contracts on the basis of a normal crop. It is also fairly clear that prices will remain high until the present crop is garnered and marketed. Should orders for munitions fall off during the next few months, other factories making common every-day necessaries will continue active for an indefinite period. The dearth of commodities is now being disclosed by the strong purchasing power which the people now have.

"In some branches of the wholesale trade there are indications that in the country districts of Eastern Canada there is a tendency on the part of the retailers to curb their buying on account of the unusually wet weather and also high prices. The fact that the price movement in many lines, including most of those in the hardware trades and many in the grocery and dry goods trades, has evidently reached the top is a factor inducing caution, although there is yet no indication that the readjustment to lower levels will be immediate."

# The Future Government of the Empire

ONE of the marked characteristics of the British race is that no matter what may be the programme for the day, there always are plans "on the hook," as the printers say, for the future. Even now while the whole energy of the empire is bent upon pushing to a successful conclusion the war with the Huns, plans are being discussed by the British statesmen and press looking to the needs of our government in the future, to the end that the Empire may be able best to continue its leadership. Under the above title the editor of *The Nation* discusses some of these plans for the future, several of which doubtless will be of interest to Canadians. He says in part: The mood which bids us look forward to the day after peace is signed for the opening of an era of constitutional reconstruction is the best proof of the vitality of our civilization under the shocks of war. The more we look forward to-day, as the proposed Irish compromise bids us, to these tasks, and the more our rulers are pledged to undertake them, the better shall we be armed against the lassitude and distractions of a new time. A nation does not always live with its bow bent, and there is a risk that peace might find us disposed, in the reaction after years of emotional and physical strain, to postpone big issues, and take a long holiday from public duty.

It is well that before this time of relaxation and unbending comes the pledges should be given which will forbid us to postpone too long the larger tasks of reconstruction. Some of them have their direct bearing on the world's future peace. A move towards restricted trade, and the ordering of our intercourse by the hatreds of this war, would, on the one hand, be the sure preparation for future strife. A bold move towards the federation of the Empire and the organization of the democratic control of our foreign policy, would, on the contrary, give the impulse towards similar steps in other countries. Democracy is an international idea, and its advance moves across frontiers in broad waves. The biggest step towards European peace would be the complete democratization of Germany, and in particular the reform of the Prussian Three-Class franchise. Every step which we take will hearten the reformers in Germany, as every step which they take will prepare the way for the obliteration of the bitter past. The same thing is true of Russia, which is burdened with a franchise system based on the Prussian model. The future of nationality in Europe depends mainly on the adoption of federalism by Russia and Austria. The obstacle to it is the dread of the centralizing bureaucratic mind that federalism means weakness. If we adopt it, we may do something to set a general fashion of regarding it, on the contrary, as a guarantee and proof of strength. Side by side with these older constitutional problems we would place the political emancipation of women. That also is an international idea, and our adoption of it may set the model for Europe. An exhausting war is commonly followed by a world-wide period of reaction. It lies with our will to break that tradition.

For the moment, the most arresting aspect of the Imperial Conference which is to meet "immediately after the war to consider the future government of the Empire"—or, in Mr. Asquith's phrase, to "re-fashion" its "fabric"—is the promise that it shall deal with the Irish question. That the whole Empire should be called in to advise on the settlement of one of our domestic questions is a novel, but also a proper, departure. There are more Irishmen outside Ireland than within it, and neither their voices nor those of the colonists of British origin are the voices of outsiders, indifferent to our concerns. It is only candid to add that we welcome this consultation with the less hesitation because we know the verdict in advance. The Dominions have always urged Home Rule. Their help will be especially vauable by reason of the experience which all of them have had in the construction and working of federal institutions. For before these islands can take their place in an Empire reconstructed for self-government, we must solve our own problem of devolution. The United Kingdom, if it is to take its place side by side with the Dominions, as the greatest unit in a federal empire, must acquire a constitution somewhat similar to theirs. That raises, not merely the question of devolution, and the provision for Wales and Scotland of some measure of Home Rule, but also the question of the Upper House; and each of these questions includes, both for men and women, a franchise issue.

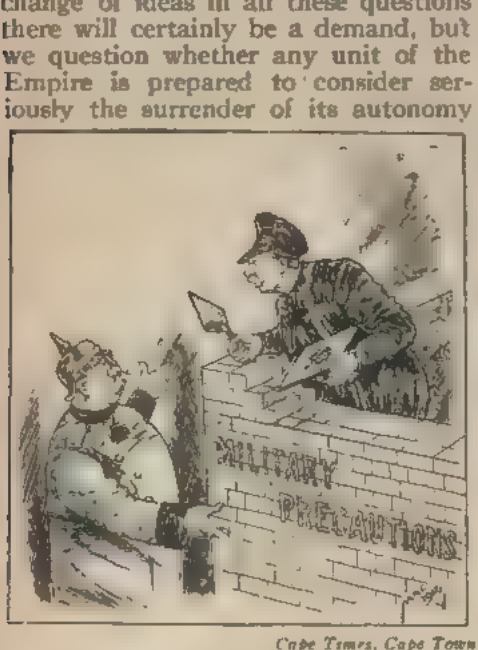
The obstacle to any federal constitution is often the reluctance of the central Government to abandon any of its powers. That is the Russian

*Montreal Daily Star*

**German Merchant: If the British navy has been defeated, then why have we to sneak about in a submarine which is afraid to show itself outside of neutral waters?**

case. The obstacle in our case is rather the reluctance of the units to surrender any of their powers to an Imperial body. The Dominions are, in fact, more nearly independent allies than colonies. They possess and exercise the right to levy tariffs, even on the trade of the Mother Country; they have full control of their own armed forces, including even their navies, where these exist. Their share in bearing the financial cost of Imperial Defence has been very small, and it has taken the form rather of the occasional gift of a great warship, than of any regular assessment. They handle every question which affects the citizens of other parts of the Empire by legislation at their own discretion, and we are not sure whether they would agree to lay the subject of Indian immigration, for example, before an Imperial Conference, as we are laying the Irish question. The Privy Council, by its Judicial Committee, retains its authority in purely legal matters, while the whole Foreign Policy of the Empire is centralized in our Foreign Office. But these are the only formal and effective bonds of Empire, and neither of them is democratic.

The true federal system, such as the United States and the German Empire possess, would include at the least as its province the management of tariffs, defence, inter-State questions (like emigration), and foreign affairs. For some consultative organ for the interchange of ideas in all these questions there will certainly be a demand, but we question whether any unit of the Empire is prepared to consider seriously the surrender of its autonomy




*Cape Times, Cape Town*

**On the Border**

The Boer: "Do you build your wall at me, sir?"

Hollander: "No, sir, I don't build my wall at you, sir, but I build my wall, sir."

(The Amsterdam newspaper *De Telegraaf*, in the course of a leading article, says it is satisfied that the measures taken by Holland are warranted by the German concentrations on the eastern and southern frontiers, and points out that the menace is badly hidden.)

in any of these questions save the last. Circumstances might, for example, conceivably induce every unit of the Empire, one after the other, of their own motion to adopt permanent compulsory service or training, though we hope, on the contrary, that a League of Peace will make it unnecessary for any of them. But we are quite sure that neither we nor the Colonies would accept conscription imposed by any Imperial Legislature. The case is even clearer as regards tariffs. Neither the Dominions nor the United Kingdom is ever likely to surrender the tariff-making power to a common Legislature. Agreements there may be from time to time for some common policy, but the variety of economic conditions in the Empire is too great to permit any part of it to surrender its autonomy. Colonies which live by the export of food and raw material will never submit to be outvoted by the representatives of a country which lives by manufacture; and the converse is equally true. The creation of a genuine Zollverein (comparable to the American or German models) lies, if anywhere, in the far distance; but if ever it comes, it will be by treaty and negotiation, and then by separate acts of local legislation. For a generation at least, the inequality of population between the mother-country and the Dominions must stand in the way of the creation of real representative government, exercising the power to tax or conscript. We doubt if the Dominions would consent to be outvoted at every turn by the British delegation, if its numbers were based on population, nor could we be asked to accept the fiction of equality which governs (and commonly nullifies) international assemblies. Where, moreover, in such an assembly, would India stand? It could not be ignored, but on any basis of population it would swamp all the rest of the Empire.

It is not a helpful task to dwell too long upon the difficulties, where the sentiment of unity exists. It has been immensely strengthened by this war. The valor, the endurance, and the superb self-sacrifice of the Australians and Canadians, who have given their best blood at Gallipoli and Ypres, make an unanswerable demand, which we must somehow satisfy, for the inclusion of the Dominions in the councils of the Empire. Alert democracies will rush unquestioning at the call of spiritual and physical kinship to the aid of the motherland in peril; but when the cool mood of peace returns, the fathers and mothers of these young men will ask for guarantees that the future policy of the Empire, whether by diplomacy or by defence, shall be so conducted that the need for such tragic sacrifice shall not recur. The

*L. Raven Hill in Punch, London*

**The Grapes of Verdun**

The Old Fox: "You don't seem to be getting much nearer them."

The Cub: "No, father. Hadn't we better give it out that they're sour?"

current talk to-day is too much of securing safety by arms or (worse still) by exclusive trading. The saner and broader mood will return in which men understand that it is on policy that safety chiefly depends. In the control of that policy the Dominions may well for a share, and no one among us would give a niggardly reply. Questions of trade, tariffs, and defence may best be managed, perhaps, by periodical conferences, more frequent and more business-like than those of the past. It may even be necessary to set up standing councils, on which the Agents of the Dominions would serve. But we question whether these councils can in our day become Legislative bodies. Their function will be to recommend policies which the several Parliaments may adopt or reject. The growth of any closer federation must depend, we think, on the readiness of the Dominions to tax themselves voluntarily for Imperial purposes on a scale which approaches our burden in this country. When that point is near, the chief obstacle to federation will be gone. To force it now might be to revive the tradition of Bunker's Hill.

The more urgent and the easier question is, we think, the admission of the Dominions to the control of foreign policy. An arrangement by which their agents or representatives might meet the Foreign Secretary periodically in Council might satisfy their requirements, but it would leave ours untouched. We also require a Foreign Affairs Committee (somewhere between the French and American models) which will bring varied sections

opinion into close and confidential association with our diplomacy. A reconstituted Upper House might serve to link these two requirements. If representatives of the Dominions and of India sat in a reformed Upper House, and if the Foreign Affairs Committee were a joint delegation from both Commons and Senate, we should have created an authoritative Council for the Empire's external policy. To turn the House of Lords into an Imperial Chamber might, in the end, be a good solution of more than one of our Constitutional problems. To some common Council for a World's League of Peace we look forward with President Wilson. The Dominions must share the determination of our voice within it. Its success will depend in great measure on the ability of the Empires which support it to democratize their own institutions. This League cannot be based on the old broken structure of close, secret, and unrepresentative diplomacy. It will stand securely only on a democratic platform.

## The Farmers' Side of the Tariff

THE question of tariff or free trade is one of location, according to one of our foremost economists of the Empire. Be that as it may, it is interesting to note the opinion of the editor of the *Grain Grower's Guide* of Winnipeg—the official organ of the largest organization of agriculturalists on the North American continent if not the world—views the subject of free trade. In a recent editorial entitled "The Tariff and Efficiency" this editor says:

The organized farmers of Western Canada favor free trade and direct taxation on land values as the best fiscal policy for Canada. They know from practical experience that it will remove a considerable portion of the heavy economic burden under which they are laboring. It is also a fact not so generally admitted, but we believe quite capable of demonstration, that a policy of free trade, or rather free imports, would be the best policy for the healthy development of our manufacturing industries. Any well informed manufacturer will admit privately that a great many manufacturers (like a great many farmers) adhere to antiquated methods which not only increase the cost of their production, but at the same time lower the quality of their products. In such cases the farmer has no corresponding compensation but places his product on the open market and is compelled to take a price for it that does not give him a fair return for his labor. We would not advocate any legislation, nor do the organized farmers advocate any legislation, to bonus such farming methods. They do advocate an educational policy to help such farmers and a fiscal policy which will enable such farmers to procure the latest and most up-to-date machinery for the operation of their farms. In the case of the manufacturer, however, there is not the incentive to modernize his business methods because the government steps in and provides legislation which enables him to charge 25 to 40 per cent. more than a fair market price for his product. For this reason he can still make a profit on his business even though he is not entitled to any more than the inefficient farmers. Under a policy of free trade or free imports the Canadian manufacturer would be compelled to use the very latest and best machinery and labor-saving devices and put out a product that would compete with the world. The British manufacturer has been operating under free trade for the last seventy years and as a result the high standard of British manufactured products is a byword throughout the civilized world and British manufacturers have prospered. In the case of the abolition of the customs tariff in Canada our manufacturers would be able to buy their raw material at a very much lower price than they are at present and would consequently be able to put their product on the market at a price which would compete with that of other countries. We have in Canada men in the manufacturing business of ability equal to any in the world and we have workmen whose skill is not surpassed. We have also large capital engaged in manufacturing. These men do not need to lean upon the tariff. Canada is well adapted to a great many manufacturing industries and in those lines can easily compete with the world. The protective tariff is bleeding the agricultural industry and is a drawback to the best development of manufacturing.

### DEAD MAN'S HILL.

*Who was the "dead man" of Dead Man's Hill?*
*Plenty of comrades he has to-day*
*Lying around him so calm and still,*
*Corpses in blue and corpses in gray,*
*Friend and foeman, a grim array,*
*Shattered by shrapnel and scorched by flame,*
*And the poilus grimly smile as they say*
*That Dead Man's Hill lives up to its name.*

*Was he some wanderer lone who died*
*On a winter's night when the air was chill,*
*And the snow lay deep on the country side,*
*And the dirge of the wind was loud and shrill?*
*And so did he come at last to fill*
*A nameless grave? Nay, who can tell?*
*I only know that the Dead Man's Hill*
*To-day is but known as a living hell.*

—LONDON EVENING NEWS

## How the Wounded Tommy is Handled

IN an article in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* Wilfred T. Grenfell gives some interesting glimpses into the workings of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

The question, What provision is made for the average wounded Tommy before he reaches England? is so frequently asked these days that a brief sketch of the various progressions of the medical service may be considered timely.

First of all, the Army itself provides, from the R.A.M.C., a doctor for each battalion, who always remains with the regiment. The men know him by sight, and know where to find him. He has three orderlies of his own, a Maltese cart for supplies, and four stretcher-bearers to each company—twenty-four in all. These men have received special training in the work of stretcher-bearing and the giving of first aid; in other respects they are ordinary soldiers, and do not wear the Red Cross. If fighting is very heavy and these men are killed,—as very often happens,—the medical officer may ask his battalion commander for additional assistance. At a pinch, the field-ambulance men (of whom more will be said later) will help to carry the wounded along the trenches. These men also supply the line with sterilized water, look after the latrines, and wheel round the medical supplies.

A few yards behind the line the medical officer has one or more heavily protected dugouts, called regimental depots. To these the wounded walk or are carried, and receive first aid. An extra doctor, or even two, from the R.A.M.C. field ambulance help here in "unhealthy" times. Roads do not lead to every part of a line; often they could not be used if they did. To be near is not always to be accessible; so, farther back from the trenches, in as safe a spot as can be found where it is possible to carry a man by hand or on wheeled stretchers, the "advanced dressing station" of the R.A.M.C. is placed. This is probably in a cottage, or barn, or in another, and larger, protected dugout. This dressing station must be at a road-head if possible, so that the motor ambulances may come and carry away the wounded who have been collected there from two or three depots. On account of the firing, these ambulances may not be able to come in till dark.

In spite of all precautions, the shadow of danger hovers dark over the men who work in these stations. In the midst of a heap of bricks and rubbish, in a ruined village of France, some blue crystals of copper sulphate one day attracted my attention. I wondered how they had come there. "Oh, that's all that is left of a dressing station," came the reply. "A 'coal-box'* went square into it; but the wounded were in the dugout behind it, and were not touched."

It is hard going for the motor ambulances over the shell-torn roads; but squads of Tommies are eternally repairing and filling up holes. The wagons have good springs, and are as merciful as anything could be. In places where the motors cannot go, horse-drawn ambulances assist.

The next stop is the field ambulance, which collects the wounded from three or four dressing stations. It usually has room for about one hundred and fifty patients at a time. It must be ready to move at once if the line moves, and yet be able to keep patients for two or three days if necessary. It provides for operations on men wounded in the abdomen, or chest, for in these cases every moment gained is priceless. If possible, it is located beyond reach of the enemy's guns. Each bed is, in reality, a stretcher, raised on rough wooden legs, so that it can be quickly carried off, patient and all, if need arises. Each field ambulance has ten medical officers and two hundred and thirty or two hundred and forty men for stretcher-bearing and for tent work. Its motor ambulances leave for the dressing stations about sunset; to avoid accidents, as far as possible their work must be done at night. The doctors go right on the field with the stretcher-bearers, and many have been killed at this work. They must stumble along in the dark—not even wearing the Red Cross badge, because the white on its serves as a mark for the enemy's snipers. Three of these doctors are civil surgeons, specially brought out for their known skill and experience. Yet no man in the R.A.M.C., of whatever eminence, receives more than the regimental pay of his rank, however much he loses by accepting the commission.

Of course, all the desirable conditions can seldom prevail. More than once these field ambulances have shared the fate of the advanced dressing stations; they have been shelled, and lost men thereby. More than one brave man has had to operate hour after hour in these unfavorable situations, at the peril of his life, just as the shells may also destroy the roads, upset the ambulance cars, and kill the stretcher-bearers. Yet one field ambulance at least has saved many lives by being a "special abdominal hospital." One poor fellow was operated on an hour after being wounded, and was saved as a result. The roof was one day knocked off by a shell, but no one was hurt, and the "special hospital" only moved a few hundred yards to one side, nearer a friendly mound. It is all in the day's work.

That is the spirit in which my friend Colonel—— accepted his vicissitudes. Earlier in the war he had made his field ambulance in a church, where he had three hundred wounded. The Germans overran the place before he could move the poor fellows. He chose to stay by his wounded. From the enemy he could get neither food nor dressings; indeed, he was forced to help them, while foraging as best he could for his own men, between times. One morning the Germans raised hurried barricades across the streets. An excited battery, drawn up in the road, began firing, and was shortly answered by another from a distance. Then a French battery suddenly came into sight on the sky-line. The Germans hastily packed up and disappeared, but not before they had rushed to the church, seized on any wounded who were able to stand or hobble, and carried them off. The colonel, rushing out to welcome the incoming French, found himself brought up short at the point of several bayonets. He had been mistaken for a disguised German. But when once he was recognized, the hearty Frenchmen overwhelmed him with more kisses on both cheeks than fall to the lot of the average British officer.

From the field ambulance, the stream flows on to the next stage in the long journey—the hospital at the nearest rail-head, called a Casualty Clearing Station. Now that the roads are better, traveling is safer, and shells seldom reach so far back. In France, where firm trust in the line prevails, there has been a wonderful development of these stations. A large proportion of their two hundred beds are real hospital beds. The presence of nurses and sisters adds a psychic and spiritual factor of untold value to the man on the road to recovery. Patients likely to get well in a fortnight need go no farther than these stations. Every ingenuity has been exercised to adapt the school, brewery, or whatever the buildings occupied, to the purposes of preventing wastage, and at the same time so thoroughly renewing "Tommy" that he may soon be back in the fighting line again. Some casualty clearing stations have become really marvelous hives of work. Out of the eight officers at each station, four are probably civil surgeons with varied, special lines of work; while the eighty-five men allotted include carpenters, tinsmiths, washmen, store clerks, dispensers, armorers, wardmen and that useful variety of man called "batman." This place is really like a large sieve. Cases that will need long treatment, and, in rush times, all serious cases, are placed on hospital trains, each with three medical officers and two nurses, or on large canal barges if the jolting of the train is liable to hurt such injuries as bad fractures. Five hundred men in a train, or three on a barge. A motor convoy, with a doctor in charge, always does the transference work.

Some casualty clearing stations are almost entirely rest-camps, sending the less serious cases back in a week or two, but with everything renewed, washed, repaired, and ready for the line. Solder did new surgical methods have been devised, and fractures can now be set here so that frequently they will need no rearrangement at the base hospitals. Many operations entailing the removal of larger and more obvious foreign bodies can be performed; much other major surgery is also accomplished. Hundreds of our soldiers are now healed at these developed casualty clearing stations, and are saved the time and expense involved in sending them to the base.

And now, the serious cases, arrived at one of the bases, which are purposely multiplied so that the stream can never be entirely blocked by any accident, are carried in motor ambulances in France now the property of the Red Cross Society to the stationary general or special, hospitals provided. In these are found every comfort and convenience of the most modern hospitals. To-day over fifty thousand beds are ready if required. These hospitals at first had to be installed in hired hotels or in canvas marquees; but gradually they are being transferred to veritable cities of asbestos, iron, or wooden huts on the beautiful French seacoast. There are infectious hospitals, special fracture hopsitals, hospitals for slight dressings, massage, and finishing-up purposes, fine convalescent camps, and beyond all this, provisions for games for recreation at night, and for religious exercises.

Those men who cannot return to the line are periodically shipped to England on fine hospital steamers, still in charge of doctors and nurses, and go to hospitals in England if necessary. That only one hospital ship has been torpedoed, or mined, in this "everyday" service is a marvelous testimony to the efficiency of the naval guard. In order that empty beds may always be ready "across the water," and no wounded men be left untended, there must al-

Continued on page 235.

*Soldiers' slang for a shell of large calibre. THE EDITORS

# Old Dr. Nominigan

## By Jean Blewett

Illustrated from Photographs

The first Ojibway squaw who had her first tepee there named it Nominigan, meaning "among the balsams"

WE were away at last. Starting on a holiday is one thing, starting on a hunt for health is another; but we were determined as far as possible to combine the two. We were off to Algonquin Park, to the heart of the ancient wood, to see what loafing, fishing, fresh air, and sunshine would do for the man of the house who was slowly, too slowly, recovering from a nervous breakdown, caused by overwork.

If only Peter had consented to this outing in time to prevent his illness, instead—but what will you? Some are born to holidays, some achieve holidays and some have holidays thrust upon them. Peter belonged to the latter.

We talk about the strength of heredity, the power of environment, but, after all, habit is the force to be reckoned with. Habit is the thing that leads when the leading is good, and drives when it isn't. The man who sticks to the treadmill till the motion is second nature to him does not step off—he either jumps off, or falls off. Peter has chosen the latter method, and had managed to tangle himself up to such an extent that the old treadmill's shadow stayed right with him through the weeks that followed. By and by, a haggard, hollow-eyed, weak-kneed Peter had, acting on the doctor's urgent advice, signified his desire to start upon the trip planned quite awhile before.

The ancient philospher said "Do nothing in haste," and someone has remarked that the flavor of the fruit we long for improves with waiting. Do not wait too long, though, if a holiday be the thing in question. By the time we were ready to start we were so tired we didn't care whether school kept or not. Only that we had wired the Lincoln Deans of Montreal to join us at Ottawa, and go on to Algonquin, I believe we would have postponed the trip still further.

ON an August evening we left the Grand Central terminal New York, arriving in Ottawa next morning after a good night's rest. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Deans were on hand, and our party proceeded via Ottawa Division of the Grand Trunk to Algonquin Park, 169 miles further on.

We had planned to stay at the Highland Inn. Friends of ours summering there the season before had come home in love with the place, bringing back,

To think that in less than a week later Peter was to get into trouble with the powers that be for rushing off to fish before he had secured a license

besides the acquired tan, red cheeks, and health, tall fishing stories, moving tales of unsurpassed scenery, reports of meals to make one's mouth water. But to secure the necessary quiet for our invalid we decided on a camp in the woods.

Mrs. Lincoln Deans rather insisted on it. She had made a couple of visits to the Maine Camps, and come to the conclusion that a camp in God's great out-of-doors was the very best thing for body and soul.

"I've secured accommodation for us all at the Nominigan Camp," she told us. "One has to speak ahead these days. Nominigan—oh yes, you say it softly—so—" trailing the word off her pretty lips. "It means health, you poor sick man," she went on addressing Peter, "or the equivalent of health—the first Ojibway squaw who had her first tepee there named it Nominigan, meaning 'among the balsam.'"

My old enthusiasm returned in a flood as we drove the seven miles through the wood to camp.

"The bigness of things takes my breath," I cried. "To-morrow I'll see the beauty, and feel the charm of the place, but this first day I can only sense its size—and but yesterday I broiled in New York. Think of it!"

A delicious coolness grew and spread. At "Nominigan" a wood fire glowed in the grate, welcome and supper waited us in what visitors term "The gathering lodge" a long two-story building of squared logs, boasting a gothic roof, and rustic verandah. Peter was hardly able to take his place at the table, but I was ashamed of the way the rest of us demolished the good victuals.

"We'll soon have a try at the speckled trout," Lincoln Deans said to Peter as we half led, half carried him to our own particular cedar cabin. Peter's answer was a groan of utter weariness.

"I'll never feel up to it," he exclaimed with mournful conviction, "never."

To think that less than a week later Peter was to get into trouble with the powers that be for rushing off to fish before he had secured a license!

Not only that but he had vim enough, pepper enough to argue his case. Why should he pay five dollars for the privilege of fishing while his friend Deans paid only three! Dean a Canadian? Well, so was he—by marriage, wife born and brought up in Toronto. Anyway he had caught more fish than Dean—here was the money—and could he get the latest in tackle at the park store? He could and he did. Before long he was living out doors, and eating three square meals a day without coaxing. He could walk without weaving by this time. He was getting human again. No more raging or weeping himself into exhaustion, if crossed in the smallest matter. His irritability was lessening every day. The nervous activity which like a tormenting devil had harried and driven and chased him (and everyone about him) into perpetual unrest, was losing its grip. Rest that was not of the body alone, but of the mind and heart as well, laid its healing touch. Then came a wholesome exhilaration, a waking-up to life as it were.

WE were 2,000 feet nearer the sky than we were wont to be.

This world of wood and water—a couple of million acres of it—is wise old Mother Nature's sanitarium. She gives away none of her prescriptions. Why should she? How could she? "Come ye city people—worn out, tired out, blinded with dust, and loaf and visit with your souls," she cries aloud, "while I make you fresh, and new, and strong; wash you with the mists of morning, heal you with breath of balsam, and with a philter brewed of the heat of the sun at noon, the silver of the moon at night, a red drop from the heart of all the young and growing things—with other and subtler compounds make you forget you ever thought yourself old and unlovely." "*Wholesomeness*" is the word she writes

over the entrance, and gladness is spelled out in little lights of laughter (a wilderness electric sign) on the exit.

Our party had the table between the window and the stone fireplace. At noon with said window wide open, we ate to the music of the birds. We thought nothing could be nicer than the table with its fine napery and silver waiting us in the sunshine. But when dinner time came and we sat, the closed window with its background of red gold sunset, on one side, and on the other the woody smelly hearth fire throwing its glow on floor and ceiling, taking us all into its welcoming circle, we weren't so sure.

"I'd like to capture the chef and take him home with me," Lincoln Deans remarked. "We never get a fish cooked like this."

"We never get a fish like this to cook," his wife reminded him. "There's no fish has the flavor of the one you catch yourself, and send to the pan before the water dries on it."

"I caught this one," bragged Peter. "You know that big rock at the point? They were hiding behind it, and—" followed a stirring, thrilling description of the landing of the fish upon which we were feast, ing.

"They don't feel safe anywhere since Conan Doyle was here," laughed the Toronto youth who has a canoeing party of ten with him. "Hear about the eight pounder his wife caught? Regular patriarch of a salmon-trout—fished for by every angler of repute who came to the place—used to shake his saucy tail and give one and all the go-by. Well, no sooner does he learn that Sherlock Holmes is on his trail than he flies in such a panic Lady Doyle has no bother at all capturing him. Has her photo taken with him. I saw it reproduced in English magazine later with: "Eight-pound salmon-trout caught by Lady Doyle, wife of Sir Conan Doyle, in Smoke Lake, Algonquin Park, Canada, June 26th, 1914."

"Mine weighed all of that," exclaimed Peter, "but I forgot to get his picture."

"You're no relation to a lord," we told him.

"Who cares? I had as much fun landing my fish as though I was a prince of the blood," he laughed, "and to-morrow Louis, the guide, is taking me off on a two-days' trip to some fisherman's eden he knows of."

I felt depressed. Peter seemed to think only of having a good time with the men. It was silly of me to mind, but he had been my care for so long, and now that he was looking his old healthy, dominant self once more I wanted my share of attention, naturally.

"Who's going with you?" asked Lincoln Deans.

Peter gripped my shoulder with a brown, sinewy hand.

"Just her Royal Highness here, want to come along, you two?"

They did not, and I was glad of it, in a way. I had the primitive woman's desire to get my man all to myself—alone, the two of us, in a world of sun-kissed water and wind-swept wilderness—alone in the Algonquin wilds.

I SMILED to myself and Peter caught me at it. "What's funny?" he demanded, then, without waiting for an answer: "Do you know, you're not nearly such a tousled little tyke as when we left home?"

Not much of a compliment, but wild horses couldn't draw praises from Peter, especially in the presence of other people—but his eyes said.

"You have your round face and your dimples back; you're pink as a rose, from your head to your feet you're the sweetest thing in the world, and what's better still, you're all alive! alive! alive!"

The waves came murmuring shoreward, the oaks had a song, the balsam a breath, and nearer seemed near enough to neighbor with.

And because every perfectly happy woman is more or less of a pagan, I felt like singing a hymn of praise to rock and river, lake and forest, sunshine, moon-mist, and starlight, great cool spaces, and small warm nooks, to all the sweetness and grandeur that go to make this Desert of Delight.

"You know that big rock at the point? They were hiding behind it, and—" then followed a thrilling description of the fish upon which we were feasting

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The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916

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| **Coupelet** . . . | **695.00** |
| **Town Car** . . . | **780.00** |
| **Sedan** . . . . . | **890.00** |

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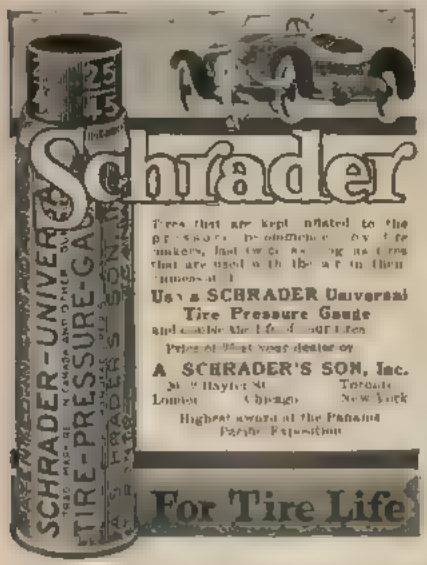
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## The Manufacturing Future of Canada

Continued from page 203.

### A Sounder Financial Basis Than Ever

WHAT changes have taken place in the position of the corporation named are only the counterpart of those of other corporations in a very great variety of undertakings. A knitting factory in 1913 suspended dividends and owed a large sum to its banker. Its order book was discouraging and its selling staff aided by cost prices could not do business. To-day it has a large credit balance with its bankers, its order book is full and its selling staff is merely keeping up its acquaintance with the market and giving some help in the obtaining of that scarce article—raw material. This instance represents the change that has taken place.

### Expenditure That Means Preparedness

ON what is done by the money being made, and that will be made, depends the success of Canadian manufacturing enterprises when the readjustment following the war will have to be faced. At present the great bulk of the establishments have caught up, or are in sight of doing so, with what arrears of interest on funded debt, and dividend on cumulative preference stock, existed. Moreover the debt to banks in excess of what it should be, has been cut down. Industries that two years ago were tied to their banks are now in a position to select any bank they desire to do business with and banks are seeking for their business. To a greater extent than ever Canadian manufacturers can go to the United States and take advantage of any lower rates of discount that may be available there. To this significant change another can be added and it is the investment of profits in bringing plants to a state of the greatest efficiency. New buildings are being equipped with devices that avoid loss made evident by the experience of the last decade of industrial growth in this new field. Canada has its own market which in some respects differs from others and domestic industries are now more in sympathy with it. For two years now it has been left to them. The articles supplied by Germany and Austria, as well as by our allies have not been forthcoming to meet the demand for them. The United States was as unprepared to meet the demand as the home factories. It will be some years before the usual source of supply will be, or can be, rescuscitated. Meanwhile the home industries are using their profits of to-day to lay the founda-


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tion for a permanent business in furnishing those articles that hitherto came from abroad. "We made most money in selling cheap stuff for the 15 cent stores before the war but now we are producing the higher class articles that commands a good price and leaves us a wider margin of profit. We have laid down machines and have worked out processes that will, we figure, place us in a position to keep the market against Saxon competition. Saxony supplied Canada with the goods we now ship and have a year's orders on our books now, but we can hold the market that hitherto because of sentiment and custom we could not get before." That is what one factory superintendent told the writer and it is the counterpart of what others have said. There is no doubt but that henceforth the home market of Canada will be served to a greater extent by home products. Making munitions has made many skilled workmen; it has taught many manufacturers what accuracy and thoroughness means; and it has placed them on a sounder position than they have heretofore been. By having to face new orders for goods not hitherto demanded a new resourcefulness has been created and the national duty remaining as to see that it is kept alive. When the days of peace come the re-adjustments of wages, tariffs, and international trade relations will leave the advantage with those who have the raw material, the efficient labor and the commercial sagacity to make the most of them. Canada in all these respects is assuming a new and more vigorous consciousness.

## How the Wounded Tommy is Handled

Continued from page 232.

ways be some units more or less idle to meet the varying requirements of this unprecedented war. One man blames Lemnos and Malta for having too many doctors while another blames Mesopotamia for having too few. In France at least, where the main part of our armies is located, the balance has been most wonderfully preserved.

The good men of the R.A.M.C., see the magnitude and difficulty of the problems, and if they feel they "might do more elsewhere," instead of squealing they find temporarily other outlets for their energies—and these are endless. The fact that a small percentage in every profession is faulty is only a confession that this is a human world. The one great comfort which the public can take to heart is that the heads of the service are not the inflexible, conservative officials, who care only for old methods, and conventions, and statistics—as critics both in and out of Parliament might lead us to infer. In


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When you take to the woods you will want to take with you an out-door food that is easily and quickly prepared, that supplies the greatest amount of body-building nutriment in smallest bulk, that will stand up fresh and clean and sanitary in any climate. All these requirements are met in

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France, where I saw the work of the R. A.M.C., from the base to the trenches, the one great, impressive feature was the flexibility displayed, and that willingness to receive suggestions which alone can lead to perfection. Such suggestions are tested thoroughly, and the old methods discarded if found wanting.

A fine detective service is always a comfort to peace-abiding people, because it suggests efficiency. A better knowledge of the R.A.M.C. in France reveals it as a thoroughly up-to-date secret service. Each division of sixty thousand men has a chief executive officer, called the A.D.M.S.,—assistant director of medical services,—as has each base, and also each advanced base. These report to their army head offices, over which presides a D.M.S.,—director of medical services,—and these again to the surgeon-general at General Headquarters, "somewhere in France." The town where he works is not named. Even if one finds the town, only the elect know where the G.H.Q., is; and only those who gain admittance to it would credit the truly marvelous system which enables it to keep in touch with every last medical officer, with every individual patient, and, of course, with the War Office in England.

Endless graphic charts in bright colors are kept, illustrating every valuable line of knowledge connected with the administration of the forces. During our visit a discussion on the value of helmets arose. Instantly a chart was produced showing at a glance every head wound for every day since the office started work, and the proportion of head wounds to those of any other part of the body. Thus, for one month, let us suppose that the total wounds were three thousand two hundred. Seven hundred and sixteen were of the head. Of these four hundred were slight, two hundred severe. The majority were on the side and back of the head, as against the crown, and were in the order of shrapnel, bullet, shell. The leg injuries came next—four hundred and twenty; the chest, two hundred; and the abdomen, one hundred. By comparing the months, and taking into consideration the movements of the line, invaluable suggestions had been made.

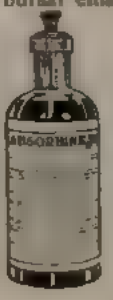
Again, the discussion turned to the losses from typhoid fever. Charts were instantly produced, showing that in the Boer War the wastage from typhoid was one hundred men out of every thousand; in Dongola, seventy; in the Nile expedition, eight-five; in China, twenty; in Mashonaland, sixty; in France to-day, one; and even with the addition of doubtful cases and para-typhoids, it is only three and eight-tenths. If one case of typhoid is diagnosed in the whole British Expeditionary Force, from Switzerland


# Allay Pain Quickly

by applying a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. It is surprising how promptly it penetrates and acts—how clean and pleasant it is to use and how economical, because only a few drops are required to do the work.

**Absorbine, Jr.**
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

is an efficient germicide as well as a dependable liniment. When applied to cuts, bruises and sores it kills the germs, makes the wound aseptically clean, and promotes rapid and healthy healing. It allays pain and inflammation promptly. Swollen glands, painful varicose veins, weak and bunal enlargements yield readily to the application of *Absorbine, Jr.*




A 10% solution sprayed into the throat is cleansing, healing and kills the germs. An excellent preventive—thoroughly efficient and yet positively harmless. *Absorbine, Jr.*, is made of herbs, non-poisonous and non-destructive of tissue.

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to the sea, it is known by telegraph the same night at G.H.Q., and next morning the cause of its origin must be hunted for by the medical officer nearest the case. Yet in the trenches west of Ypres our Allies had 6,000 cases of typhoid when we took them over. Typhoid was endemic in all the villages, and 26,000 Belgians had to be persuaded to be vaccinated.

The "trench-feet" chart was the next one produced. It showed a tracing somewhat like that of the fever of acute pneumonia,—large numbers at first, and then a rapid return to next to none,—a fall like the subsidence of the fever crisis. Once and again occurred a little rise, a small relapse, but each one was accounted for. The week before, we had seen a batch of Highlanders straight out of the trenches, with disabled feet, sitting and lying around a large dressing station. The chart instantly revealed, not only the fact, but the cause, continuous fighting, wet, snow-flooded trenches, no time to change socks for two days, and so no reprimand for the medical officers in charge. "Trench feet" have almost become a misdemeanor, so successful are the precautions for preventing the trouble.

To us, the most interesting chart of all was that showing the total sick and wounded for every day of the war. The lines of rise and fall looked much like relapsing fever, and with the brief appended comments, it gave one a history of the fighting. This big red rise meant Loos, and that one Festubert; this one meant the Battle of Ypres, that one the advance of Hooge. The level blue line denoted fine weather in Flanders and less sickness. The strange thing seemed that sickness showed always nearly twice as much wastage as wounds (except in cases of big attacks) in spite of all the advances of hygiene. We also noticed that, when fighting was most severe, sickness grew less. "No time to take notice of it" was the explanation.

The public must realize that examinations for physical fitness to enter the army are fallible and are often hurried. A certain economic loss is entailed by drilling and sending out men who have later to be sent home as useless. Seeing that old men give false ages to get passed through, and that young men are no more veracious; that appearances are deceptive; that past illnesses may be denied, and many disabilities and hereditary taints concealed temporarily, this wastage will always occur. But where it occurs is accurately known; it is brought home as soon as possible, to the responsible examiner, and, if his mistakes are serious, he soon finds himself weeded out, like other "undesirables."

The consideration of just one apparently simple problem—the personal cleanliness of the armies—is worth a moment's attention. It is unnecessary to say that it is a matter of supreme importance. The very first step had to be to take over the whole sanitary arrangements of every village and town anywhere near the fighting lines, the water-supply, sewerage, and drainage: an Augean task for the modern Hercules! But it has been accomplished, as the splendid health statistics of the enormous semi-stationary armies that flooded into these villages demonstrate. Ambulatory chemical laboratories repeatedly test the source of every water-supply; not a pump or tap but has a certificate of some kind attached to it. Ambulatory pathological laboratories everywhere pry into the secrets of "bug diseases." Breweries and factories are commandeered and converted into public baths. Two thousand Tommies a day are washed in one of these, in batches of one hundred and fifty—at times to the music of "Jack Johnsons" dropping into the water-supply. "Tin sheds" have been erected for "itch" treatment—a skin disease that has laid up as many as four thousand men at a time. No happier men exist in France anywhere than these victims just freed from their tortures. The jolly naked crowds of splendidly developed fellows, singing and shouting in the great baths within hearing of the thunder of the guns, make the murder of war seem plain devilish.

The plagues of vermin are an additional horror. A shirt preserved in a glass at——Baths is said to have come there unattended. So while Tommy is tubbing, his clothes are superheated and hot-ironed; clean underclothing is provided, and he goes out a self-respecting being again.

Meanwhile, in improvised laundries, truly built of "consecrated" iron, one sees through Newfoundland fogs of steam heroic squadrons of women attacking what appear, in that flat country, to be mountains of the dirty clothes of armies. They also work to the accompaniment of shrapnel and shell. Never were there truer "companions of the Bath" than these women.

Sewage and garbage are dealt with by clever economic incinerators built of old tins and clay, in which the fires burn as eternal as in the Valley of Hinnom.

In these and a thousand other ways, the R.A.M.C. is holding down water-borne diseases, preventing tropical sicknesses, avoiding dietetic troubles, and nipping "filth" diseases in the bud, until the total sick ratio per thousand for the army in the field is a little more than one-half that of ordinary civil life. The scrupulous worship of Hygeia is more dramatic in its results than even the cult of Æsculapius.

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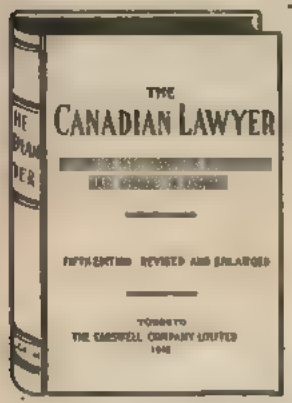


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The book contains 453 pages, price $2.00 in good cloth binding, and will be sent, postage paid, when cash accompanies the order. Send your order direct to the publisher

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**EXCELSIOR KEEN EDGE CO., 1 Edward Street, TORONTO, ONT.**


In a well-known magazine, a British officer a short while ago wrote, "For every Englishman killed in the war, two will be created." Every oarsman knows that a crew is more likely to win the less dead weight it has to carry; and although this war has killed off a large number of our physically best men, it has as certainly made many new ones, both body and soul, out of those who were anaemic, neurotic, bottle-shouldered, flat-chested with cramped lungs, embarrassed hearts liable to every malady that came along—turning these by the magic of the open-air life and the sanitary care of the R.A.M.C. into veritable tan faced giants. Hundreds have had handicapping physical deformities operated on and cured; thousands have had infected, rheumatism-causing teeth and throats cleaned up and repaired by the R.A.M.C.—men who never would have had treatment in peace times. Thousands have learned to appreciate simple and more natural living; tens of thousands are interested as they never were in the things that make for true manhood. At length the man of arms has accepted the man of science as a real factor in fighting, has given to him the same rank and insignia and the chance to share the same honors. The world has realized that his claim to recognition depends not merely on successful operations on the wounded, and that even the battle with dirt and drains is an honorable calling.

It is often said now that if the government service was what it ought to be there would be no need for a Red Cross Society at all; and its very existence does at first seem a stricture on the R.A.M.C. The world at last has agreed that the soldier wounded has as much right to be cared for by government as the soldier unwounded—not merely because that is good economy but because it is inherently right. There are always, however, many things needful, which, in England, we prefer to leave to voluntary work, and we hate naturally every form of conscription. The Red Cross is essential when sudden strains arise, as at the beginning of this war, or in suddenly developed new fields, as in Serbia, when we or our Allies have still no adequate government organization to meet the needs of the moment. The Red Cross is an invaluable outlet for these services of love that honor a nation, and a blessing of untold value to those who find in it the peculiar opportunity they want for exercising their capacities for unselfishness. To the worried doctor it brings help immediately, when organization on more rigid rules spells delay. To the wounded soldier it spells luxuries which no public service yet considers that it is justified in charging to the taxpayer.

# Goodyear "Made in Canada" Lowers Tire Costs

Goodyear Quality is not the only factor which enters into lower tire costs for Goodyear users. The Goodyear factory at Bowmanville has saved Canadian motorists thousands of dollars. Not only because of the mileage and satisfaction they put into Goodyear Tires. But because it is in Bowmanville —in Canada.

Imported tires cost 40% to 50% more in Canada than in their home market. This increased price of course adds nothing to the quality of the tire. It is the same tire as sold in the home market.

Please remember the above facts. They have a direct bearing on motoring costs.

Now note this. In the United States by actual count in 71 cities, one out of every five tires is a Goodyear. That means 21% of the tires sold in the States are Goodyears. There are over 200 other brands for motorists to choose. Many of these sell at lower prices in the States than do Goodyears. But American Motorists have decided that Goodyears give lower cost-per-mile

But here in Canada you don't even have to make this decision. You do not even have to depend on American proof of Goodyear mileage. Hundreds of Canadian motorists are getting 10,000 miles

or more from Goodyear Tires. In addition Goodyears cost less in Canada—because they are made in Canada. You not only get greater mileage, but you also get lower price. Many imported tires that sell for less than Goodyears in the United States, cost more than Goodyears in Canada. Yet when they do not give so low a cost-per-mile in the States, how can they possibly offer nearly so much in Canada?

That the saving effected by Goodyear "Made in Canada" is real and worth while is proved by these tables. Note the really great difference in prices:

**Were Goodyears NOT Made in Canada, They Would Cost You—**

| Size | Plain | All-Weather |
|---|---|---|
| 30 x 3½ - | $19.02 | $22.23 |
| 32 x 3½ - | 21.87 | 25.58 |
| 34 x 4 - | 31.92 | 37.34 |
| 36 x 4½ - | 44.96 | 52.65 |
| 37 x 5 - | 52.44 | 65.55 |

**But Goodyears ARE Made in Canada, So They Cost You Only—**

| Size | Plain | All-Weather |
|---|---|---|
| 30 x 3½ - | $15.00 | $18.00 |
| 32 x 3½ - | 18.95 | 22.75 |
| 34 x 4 - | 28.10 | 33.80 |
| 36 x 4½ - | 39.35 | 47.20 |
| 37 x 5 - | 45.45 | 54.50 |

In addition to a lower price, you get Goodyear Service—which adds 25% to 50% to the life of your tires. The Goodyear Service Station Dealer is a tire saver. His advice and help is well worth your seeking. He will —

Tell you if you are using tires of proper size; tell you the proper inflation for the load you carry; and provide that inflation. He will advise you as to the benefit of more modern rims; the worth of an old tire; the advantages of

inside tire protectors, patches; tire putty that protects the fabric from sand and water entering through small tread cuts. He has at hand awaiting your need Goodyear Tires, Tubes and Tire Saver Accessories. He is in a position to do many things to make your decreased tire-cost-per-mile offset your increased gasoline-cost-per-mile. Consult him.

**THE GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER CO. OF CANADA**
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BETTER AND QUICKER THAN SOAP & WATER
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### Another Household Convenience.

The best tea on earth will speedily deteriorate if exposed to air and moisture.

The old lead wrappers for tea were good. But the world moves, and a better way has been found. Heavy parchment, impervious to moisture, dust-proof, air-tight, now brings

# BLUE RIBBON TEA

to your home in perfect condition. An outer covering of almost impenetrable cartridge-paper makes security doubly sure. No possible deterioration can occur.

You know "BLUE RIBBON TEA"—the best on the market. Now look for the new packet—a perfect wrapping for a perfect tea.


On the other hand, like every other presentation of the ideal of the great Master, its ideal is to work for its own elimination. One service under one control is the ideal; voluntary hospitals dotted here and there are far from desirable, however useful they may be temporarily. It is the duty and privilege of government—I say this advisedly—to provide all that is needed for the heroic men who give their lives for their country. That there should be inadequate medical provisions, something lacking because of a shortage of voluntary funds, is almost worse than the failure to insist on universal service when the fate of the nation is hanging in the balance. The system cannot afford to risk being haphazard; the R.A.M.C. must be every bit as scientific as the fighting branch of the service. This it can be only under one government control; and division simply means overlapping and waste. It is the one great fault of the present-day service of man's higher self—the division that seeks to bolster particular methods, and thus befog or lose sight of the main issue.

We forget that the human body is the most wonderful material machine between earth and heaven. The fact of death still forces us to admit that the knowledge of how to keep it in perfect running order still lies within a sealed book, which prayers, no less than pills and potions, have failed completely to open. The diverse schools of medicine, the various arts of healing, the large fortunes of the venders of patent medicines, the patronage accorded to the shrines that work miracles, show that even in the more stable times of peace the public is inclined to question the value of the discoveries of science.

The R.A.M.C. has demonstrated to the most skeptical by its sanitation results, as well as by its vaccines and sera, and at a time when the long casualty lists come in and our loved ones are in danger, the rationality of experimental research. The confidence inspired in man's capacity to adapt himself to a hard environment is fostering the spirit of Empire among men whom circumstance and vocation had hitherto tied to the office or the counter. No chronicle as yet records the deeds of the R.A.M.C., its splendid devotion, its scientific triumphs, its unselfish economies. It never blows its own trumpet. Truly "it seeketh not its own." Only generations to come will fully appreciate the nation's debt to that noble body, which for the first time in history has really begun to come to its own—in this, the greatest war of all times.

---

An excellent substitute for a gold watch is a bunch of wild thyme in the pocket.

## Miss Sunshine of Alberta

Continued from page 206.

His companion returned no answer, and he proceeded. "I bet you are there with the goods when it comes to cookin', too." (That slang of hers was indeed catching !)

"There !" she cried. "Aunt Alice must have told you I made that pie for supper !"

"Did you ? I didn't know it, but it sure was good. Where'd you learn about that kind of pie ?"

"Kinder born in me, I guess."

"Do you like the country better 'n the city, Miss—Miss—"

"What makes you ask ?"

"I was just thinking that because—because the country suits you—seems to suit you, that is—that p'raps you did like it in return, just a bit."

"And to think," she said, "that in less than two weeks I am due back—in Chicago !"

"Well ?"

"It seems a long way off. Were you ever in Chicago ?"

"Once. Two years back."

"Did *you* like it ?"

"Well, seeing as I was down there—oh, just selling steers—I never got time to see much of it in a social way. Which theatre was you at ?"

She told him. "I went there," he said, "but I didn't see you."

"I wasn't there then. I was home. You know, I'm going to get quite a good part. They promised me one last time, but some cat got there first; but this time it goes. The boss swore so."

"And what do you call a good part ?" he demanded.

"Oh, I guess I shall come on immediately after the opening chorus, as soon as most of the latecomers have settled down in their seats—though there will still be some coming in, right through my song—and I shall have a song to myself, of course—the boss promised it. And a scrap-end of a dance with one of those less important heroes, very likely."

"And is that all ?"

"No. Towards the end of the second act, I shall no doubt step forward and say—'Here comes the Famous Spender—three cheers, goils !'" She laughed; but was conscious of an almost chilling seriousness on his part.

"And all that," he said slowly, "is worth more to you than—than this ?"

"Than being a hick all my life ?" Her tone implied condescension. "Life here in the country, every day and always, Mr. Hawkins ?"

"Life here, in this country, every day and always, Dolly." He turned to her, and placed his hand on hers—very deliberately. "Because I want you to stay."

# This Reservoir is as easy to clean as a pan

YOU would never put off cleaning the hot water reservoir of the Pandora. It is such a simple thing to keep clean.

It is lined with clear white porcelain as hard as glass. ***And it can be lifted out*** as easily as you would lift a pan from the top of the range. You empty it out and wash and rinse it. The water is always as clear and pure in the reservoir as it is in the kettle.

This is only one of the many conveniencies of the Pandora. The oven door is glass. Think how often you open the door on bake days. You can watch the baking ***through*** the Pandora oven-door. The wash boiler can be set the long way of the range, if you wish, leaving two of the hot front holes free for cooking. Wash-day dinners can be just as good as on other days.

**You have heard about the Pandora, would you like to study out for yourself why so many women praise this range ?**

## McClary's Pandora Range

You can learn why Pandora Ranges stay good as new—long after other ranges have to be repaired or replaced. You can see illustrated the many useful ideas to made cooking less tiring. These things are fully explained in an interesting little booklet, "The Magic of the Pandora." You are going to give some thought to the purchase of your range—surely. Then you will need a copy of this booklet. You may have yours by mailing the coupon to the factory. Why not get your copy to-day ?

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON

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Address.....

Kindly send me a copy of your booklet "The Magic of the Pandora."

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15 Sheppard Street, Toronto


"Oh!" she said. "Why?"

"Because I love you."

DOLLY pulled away her hand, and to his surprise spoke very vehemently. "That's just what Uncle Tom said, the first day I was here—after you'd gone. 'The first scalp!' he said. Oh, I can imagine folks hereabouts talking. They'll say 'Just a summer flirtation, just a city actress amusing herself with a poor green hick.' They always get so sore about us stage people. Poor Dick—and poor me!"

"But is it a summer flirtation?" he persisted.

Dolly drooped her head. "Not quite," she whispered. . . . .

The stars stood still for a few moments—or seemed to; so did the world. So, for that matter, did the buggy, because the off horse (a sorrel with almost human perceptions), feeling the lines slacken, tried standing still, as an experiment. Experiencing no immediate result, he stayed as he was, with the wondering co-operation of his mate, who wondered idly what it meant.

True, the lines tightened, at the expiration of those unnumbered seconds and the sorrel, in response to the expected clucking, started again: but slowly, slowly. The world had resumed its usual revolutions, and the September stars were again speeding past; but slowly; and the team walked home the rest of the way.

"Promise me one thing, Dick."

"What is it?"

"That you won't say anything about—about it to Uncle Tom and Aunt Alice—till I ask you to?"

"Don't you think they'd like it?"

"On the contrary, I think they'd be awfully pleased. You're a great favorite of theirs, Dick. But—but—well you see, I haven't said 'Yes' yet, have I?"

"But you mean 'Yes'?"

"Do I? Give me time to think, Dick. Let's keep it our secret."

"Till when?"

"Till I say you can tell them. Till after the harvest, Dick."

He made a rapid mental calculation that "after the harvest" meant after the date she had talked of going away; so that to give an answer she could not go away. She had not definitely said, after all, that she *was* going away. Therefore he replied, "I agree to that gladly, Dolly—my little Miss Sunshine of Alberta."

"You mustn't call me by that foolish name, boy. Why, other people are beginning to now."

"But how it suits you!"

"Oh, Mr. 'Awkins, 'ow? But aren't we nearly home? There's our house—see the light!"

"See how my little candle throws its rays—" he quoted (and she was rather surprised.)

"You're a fine, big strong Dick," she said, as he helped her out "though I say it as shouldn't. But don't come in to-night, please. You understand why?"

HE nodded, and watched her walk up the path, and the door open. Beyond the patch of light he saw her uncle—against it her figure was silhouetted for a brief space of time before the door was shut—and heard her voice. Then he turned his team round, and drove home, and it did not occur to him till afterwards that he had not even kissed her.

* * * * * *

"My Dear Mr. Hawkins:

Perhaps it has been only a summer flirtation. It was swell while it lasted, but it is better for us both to end it. I sure have made good out here, haven't I? but it's only my vacation after all. Can you fancy me a country girl for keeps? I cant —"

and so on, until she begged to remain his sincere friend, D. Macdonnell.

The note had come to him through the post-office, three days after he had said good-bye to her by the gate—before he had seen her again. Stricken he had rushed to the Macdonnell home, to find her gone and two sadly lonely old people who spoke to him compassionately and tenderly. She had gone, said they, upon receipt of a letter—gone against their counsels and solicitations; and by her particular desire they had packed her off quietly the night before, by the midnight train. This delivered, they had watched him curiously.

The southbound train was slackening speed as it neared Chicago; and Dick folded the letter. He knew it by heart. The harvest was past, and the golden grain had bowed its head low.

In the evening, he saw her. By a fine-combing process, he had located her theatre, where she played her good part. She came on immediately after the opening chorus, as soon as most of the late-comers had settled down in their seats—though a few still kept squeezing in right through her song. At the end of the second act, she stepped forward and cried 'Here comes the Famous Spender, goils—three cheers.'

Dick asked his neighbor in the next seat what one did in order to meet a member of the company. His neighbor grinned, and asked him if he'd got a date.

"No," said Dick.

"Any standing with the office?"

"No."

The neighbor sized him up, and finally remarked that the best thing you can do in these circumstances is to try the stage door. So Dick waited

in the rain outside the stage door for nearly an hour.

Just before twelve she came. With her were a small crowd of girls and men laughing boisterously at a joke of hers. On the step they paused, and scanned the wet streets.

"Dolly!" said Dick, as she passed him, under one of the men's umbrellas.

"Here's a guy wants you," cried the girl behind her.

Then Dolly saw him. The fiercest anger blazed in her eyes, as she said, "How dare you!"

"Who's it—a poor relation?" asked her giggling friend behind.

"Dolly—Miss Mac—" stammered Dick; but she had turned imperiously away. And the little procession left him standing there.

The next evening, as she was dressing for the second act, a note was brought to Dolly. "I shall be waiting again to-night," was all it said.

"My rube friend!" she said to her room-mate. "The one I gave the cold mitt to last evening. Wants me to meet him sure."

"You never told us before you had any rube friends." (This at least was true—Dolly had not betrayed him). "Guess you met him when you was up amongst the hayseeds? Shall you go?"

SHE pondered a very long while, and finally said, "Yes, I'll go." She made her preparations accordingly, and by dint of borrowing here and borrowing there, contrived a very creditable imitation of a chorus lady to whom champagne suppers and tango dances are very funereal affairs. It was still raining when she left the stage door. She looked up and down the street; on the other side, an automobile waited, and from it emerged a thickly shrouded young man.

"'Lo, Mr. Hawkins!" she greeted him.

"I'm glad you came. Where shall we go?"

She named a very famous cafe; but he took it without the flicker of an eyelid—probably, she reflected, he had never even heard of its name, let alone its reputation—and repeated the name to the driver.

"Been here long?" she asked, inside the cab.

"Since yesterday. Rains quite a deal."

"Business again, or pleasure?"

"Business!" he said, evenly.

"Staying long?"

"Going back to-morrow, I think."

"Business done?"

"Most nearly."

This was hardly the reception she had expected. He had turned down his collar and opened his coat, and—wonder of wonders—he was in evening dress! He saw her amazement, and added quickly, "I think I made you ashamed of me last evening, so I got these."

"You look very nice," she commented, not in her chorus-lady tone but in a natural voice he remembered well. "I was horrid to you then." He shrugged his shoulders. "But then, you know—"

"Here we are," he said. The car had come to a standstill, and the covered part of the restaurant welcomed them. Through marble halls and mirrored corridors they passed, until one quiet and shaded corner of the big room was reached. "We can talk here," said Dolly, removing her cloak. As she had expected, her costume embarrassed him at first.

"Now to be perfectly candid from the start," she said, "tell me why you came down to Chicago?"

"I came for a holiday," he replied; "my first in four years."

"You said, for business."

"Quite true. The business made it a holiday. I came to see you."

"Why should you want to see me, anyway?"

"Oh, I had some absurd idea that you might not have been in earnest."

"Didn't I make that plain?"

"You sure did—certainly, I mean." Dolly smiled. "Are you laughing at me?"

"No—no! Only I remember you in overalls, and it seems queer to have you sitting opposite to me here in that suit, and talking so elegant!"

"I know that really I'm what is called a clod-hopper." He spoke that harsh word very slowly.

"Don't!" she said, and then, "Well, as you please. Will you have an olive?" When he declined, she asked indifferently, "Threshing all through?"

"I should say! Why, two weeks will be Christmas."

"Did you do well?"

"Good—but why are you asking? You're not interested, surely."

"Dick," she said, earnestly, "I want you to understand me. I may have behaved like a little cat, but that doesn't alter the fact that—that I—got to know you quite well. I can still call you Dick, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"Then why are you so ironical?"

"To be quite sincere, I had some kind of a crazy notion of punishing you, trying to pit my strength against yours, and carrying you back by force. But I've changed my mind. You're happy here, so why should I take unpleasant chances?"

"Then why this supper anyway?"

"Can't a rube take a chorus girl to supper if he has the wad and she'll stand for him?"

"I don't like you to talk so cynically, Dick. You don't mean it. Besides,

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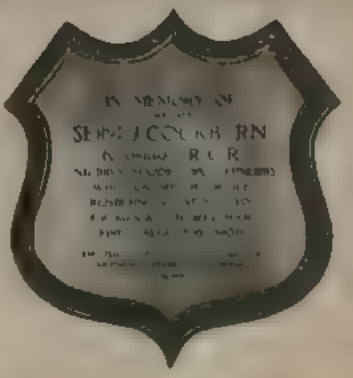

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that's not a nice sentiment at all. To tell the truth, I was rather sore with you last night, and I thought perhaps the best way of shaking you was to—to open your eyes. Hence these clothes." He nodded. "I noticed you kind of looked scared. I thought I could make myself out such an out-and outer that you'd never, never speak to me again, but just crawl back to the potato patch. But I never imagined you could carry the glad rags so well. You make me feel cheap."

He smiled sombrely. "Anyone can buy them who has the money, and it's only a matter of practice getting used to them. But the feeling that you're really at home in them—well, that's like my trying to talk properly instead of in my old slipshod way. I do it only with an effort, and so I'm not comfortable, and feel I'm a fraud. I'm just a rube; that's all there is to it, and that's why I'm going up north tomorrow, back where I belong."

"I hope," she said, with averted eyes, "that your memories of me will be kind."

"They will."

"Oh, Dick!" she cried (it seemed to him, eagerly) "do you mean it?"

"Guys like me ain't—haven't—got much idea of what giving a girl a good time is."

"You'll be back there for Christmas?" she asked. "What will you do? What will Aunt Alice and Uncle Tom do? I really want to know."

"As for me, I shan't have a very bright—"

"Can't you leave yourself out of the picture?"

"Well, I guess we'll have a very big feed, Dolly, and the houses will be all warm and bright. Folks 'll come in from miles away, p'raps—I know your aunt has asked quite a big bunch. They'll drive in cutters—because it's all snow there, now, up there on the prairies." A far-away look had stolen into his eyes, and he spoke slowly, as though he saw the far flung prairies with their mantle of white. "Bright snow everywhere, that sparkles in the sunshine. By God, I wish I was back!"

"So do I—almost."

"And at night—the stars shinin'" (he was lapsing unconsciously into the speech of the prairie) "an' the prairies mysterious an' stretchin' away to where you can't see the end, an' a man feels he's part of it. An' spring coming along mighty slick, an' then comes the seeding, an' all the hard work all the summer through, an' all the land turning green an' then gold, an' reaping. But we've something to show for it. I often think," he said, with a touch of that imagery she had noticed before, "that on a farm you live a whole life every year. You sow an' you reap—you work an' you get your reward."

"But," she said, "the life's dull. You can't deny it."

"No, I can't. It can't be anything else but dull, if you ain't—haven't—got the feeling for it. It can't compete with these here—these—picture shows, an' lobster palaces, an' street cars. . . . But it's real life, instead of a cheap imitation."

"For those who like it?"

"For them who feel they want to be doing things, 'stead of sitting by an' letting other folks do them for them. S'posin' I married—"

"Supposing you did—"

"I'd want a wife to feel like I did, that we was—were—doing things—making ourselves a place where we couldn't be fired out at a minute's notice—building up a country, maybe—putting by something we could leave for our children who come after us. . . . Them dear happy children, out there! . . . Aren't you finished, Dolly? I want to go home. I feel like I've spoken an—an epitaph, and am spoilin' it by just stickin' round an' not keepin' my mouth shut."

"Yes, I'm through," she said. "You'll see me again before you go back? Where are you staying?" He told her—it was a celebrated hotel whose name made her think—and saw her out to the still waiting automobile. "Good bye," he said; she may have pressed his hand, but he appeared not to notice it. Instead, he walked back to his hotel, very lonely in that great city, and feeling an overpowering sense of the solemnity of life. . . .

In the morning, he had just packed his grip, when his telephone rang. "Oh Dick!" cried a voice. "Take me back with you!"

"I wish I could."

"You can! I've sat up all night thinking it over. I want to come, Dick—I mean it. I'm tired of this." There was a note of bitterness—almost anguish—in her voice. "I'm ready to go, anytime."

"Are you?" he said. "There's a train around noon."

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## The Reeve of Silver Island

Continued from page 212.

West Side merchant, and though it was one of the old-fashioned kind, yet it suited the purpose. From the blacksmith, whose shop was to the rear of the hall, he purchased a stove.

In these little trips, John Best had a good opportunity to meet the people and to gather information that might prove useful in future.

By night his office was in a fair way of being called furnished, despite the fact that nothing matched in color, and no two chairs were of the same pattern.


# Smile Makers

## At Rising Time

Do you know any food which greets you at breakfast so inviting as Puffed Wheat or Rice?

Airy bubbles of grain, flaky, toasted and crisp. Each morsel seems a bonbon.

But you know they are whole grains, made wholly digestible. You know that every atom feeds.

No elements are lacking—none are lost. For in these foods—and these only—every food cell is blasted by steam explosion.

## At Dinner Time

These grains are so crisp, so toasted, so flavory that they take the place of nut meats.

Folks garnish ice cream with them. They use them in candy. They dot them on frosted cake.

Yet Puffed Grains hold supreme place among scientific grain foods. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process. In every kernel a hundred million steam explosions are created. They are perfect foods—the best-cooked cereals in existence.

**Puffed Wheat** Except in [illegible] **12c**
**Puffed Rice** [illegible] **15c**

## At Bed Time

The bowl of milk in summer is the favorite bedtime dish. But it's twice as delightful with Puffed Grains floating in it.

These grains are puffed to eight times normal size. They are four times as porous as bread.

You get the whole wheat in Puffed Wheat—all the phosphorus of the outer coats. You get it so it easily, completely digests without any tax to the stomach.

Do you know anything else which so meets the requirements of an ideal good-night dish?

See if you have all these foods on hand.

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Then a sign, "Real Estate, Insurance," was cut out of paper and pasted on the panes of glass in his windows, and John Best sat down and called that day's work done.

Business was not slow in coming. Particularly in the summer months there were many transfers of property and heretofore the legal and real estate lights in Wilkie handled this business.

John Best hired a horse and rig at the hotel and he drove a lot. Pretty soon the farmers would hail him as he was driving by and asked him this, and asked him that. They wanted to get acquainted with this sunny faced big man who had come to do business among them. And so they began to get familiar with him. They called him "Old Cheerful," because they said there was so much sunshine in his countenance that it brought happiness wherever it went.

Winter came and Reeve Simpson, "Judge" Law — a seventy-year-old, straight, white-haired man who never sat on a bench: Frank Law, forty-nine, clerk and treasurer of Silver Island, and only son of the old "jedge," would drop into the real estate office of an evening, smoke a pipe, or maybe have a game of whist.

John Best was a good host and these men grew to like him, for he introduced new experiences to them. He told them about the great west, he told them about the outside world, he told them nothing about himself.

And so the winter months grew colder and colder, the storms filled up the roads, and the real estate man was forced to keep to his office. He had made the most of his time, though, for he knew by name every man on the island.

On a cold night in the last week in February, Reeve Simpson, Judge Law and Frank Law were sitting in John Best's office, deeply engaged in a game of cards. Outside the north wind howled around the eaves of the building, while inside the elm hissed in the box stove.

Not a word had been spoken for a few minutes when John Best threw down his cards and said to his partner across the table:

"There is no use playing any more, Frank—we're licked. Want to hear a story?"

They all agreed they did.

"The skipper of the *Marie* told me this the day I came to the island, and I thought it so unusual, that I can't forget it."

Judge Law listened, with an arm on the table; Reeve Simpson shoved his chair back and doubled up, while Frank Law sat sideways holding the back of his chair.

"Partly right," commented the judge whitening, when John Best had done—"But—"

"Oh, that old fool of a skipper always gets things twisted," broke in the son, shifting uneasily, and his face a fiery red.

Reeve Simpson winked knowingly at the real estate man and gave him a hint to stop. But John Best was not through.

"It's simply this," went on Judge Law, bringing down his fist. "This man Wurst was given a fair, square trial—he was found guilty—he was sentenced— What could we do? The evidence was all against him—he was always getting into trouble and he was punished. What else could we done?"

"He was a bad one," said Frank Law, feeling easier—"Sure—"

"And what has become of him?" interrupted John Best—"I've been told that no one has ever heard of him since the day he was taken away."

"He's dead," asserted the judge—"Brain fever—or something. At least that's what we heard here."

Sitting on the edge of his bed, an hour later, John Best slapped his knees and laughed.

"He's dead—brain fever or something. Yes," he chuckled—"It was brain fever, but not the kind that kills. Poor fools in a fool's paradise! Poor fools!"

Suspecting nothing, the Laws, aristocratic to a degree, shadowed John Best's office. In their fine home, down the road past the Widow Wurst's, they entertained the real estate man as never a stranger to the island was entertained. Little did they know what the future had in store for them and that the day would come when they would get down on their marrow bones to the man who broke bread in their house. Had anyone told them that John Best was Bill Wurst they would have laughed at the absurdity of the thing—there was little in common between this big, stout man of forty-two, and the slim Bill Wurst of twenty-six. At times, John Best was embarrassed by their attentions, but he was willing to see the thing through for he knew that right is right and that wrong is wrong and that nothing could change it. He had lived—he had suffered—for one thing, and he was ready to bear any little embarrassment that he might prove to the islanders that Bill Wurst had not murdered John Stanton.

Spring saw business more active than at any time since opening his office. Though he had to spend long nights over musty papers, John Best was satisfied.

At the end of a very tedious day, Judge Law came up the stairs, walked into the office and sat down.

"Busy?" he questioned. The real estate man got up and rubbed his hands. "'Bring your chair nearer my desk, and we can both sit down," he said. After the judge had done what he asked, he turned and said, "Well!"

"I called for some advice, John," the old man told him—"I have a mortgage on the Widow Wurst's property and it has been going on for years. She can't pay it now—and I need the cash. So I have decided that unless she can borrow the money somewhere that I will have to put the property up for sale and turn her out. What would you advise me to do?"

John Best swallowed a lump that had arisen in his throat and for a few minutes he didn't speak. Then he placed a hand on the old judge's knee and leaning over, looked in his face.

"It's pretty hard to turn a woman out of her house—particularly when that woman is a widow and has no means of support. You have asked me for some advice. Here it is: Keep that house over that woman's head as long as you live, Judge Law, for I'm a thinking her son will come back to this island some day and if one-half of what I hear is true, there is going to be a hard time for some of those who had a hand in sending him down—"

"I have nothing to fear," the old judge said, nervously, with a gesture. Then in an aftertone, "The place is mortgaged for $550—"

John Best's face brightened and he shoved a hand in his pocket.

"Will you take $550 for the mortgage?" he asked.

"With property going up—well, hardly."

John Best went to the window and he looked down on the road.

"I'm a speculator," he said, turning to the judge—" And I'm ready to do business with you. What will you take cash and deliver that mortgage to me to-night?"

No answer.

"I'll tell you what I'll do—bring down that mortgage and I'll give you six hundred dollars. You make fifty—'

The old judge smiled.

"I'll go and get it."

After the judge had gone down stairs the real estate man chuckled. "Fifty dollars is nothing—I didn't think the old codger would fall for it."

In an hour the judge returned and handed over the document. John Best carefully examined it, gave the old man a pen to sign the transfer, counted out the money and wished the old judge a "Good-evening." And Judge Law went out without speaking.

*To be continued.*

---

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## Gold Mining on the Rand

Continued from page 215.

paid by the mine to any of its employees. Seldom, if ever, has another check of that size been handed to a miner. Wages are much lower now than they were before the war when expert miners averaged five hundred dollars a month, but there are a few developers who make that amount to-day. The miner now averages about a hundred and twenty five dollars a month. The shaft sinker mentioned above died of phthisis several years ago.

## The Son of the Otter

Continued from page 219.

great deal of trouble over a matter of no great importance.

"What do you want for it?" they finally asked together.

"It is worth much money," said Ahteck.

"I suppose you think it's something very wonderful," commented one of the buyers.

"I've seen lots of better ones," asserted the other, indifferently.

Ahteck took up the skin.

"Then you no want," he said, quietly moving off to put it away. "Me think it no rain long time. Fine weather!"

"Well, we're here to buy fur," admitted the Chicago man.

"Anything down to muskrat and weasel," put in the New York buyer.

"I think I can let you have six hundred!"

"I'll go twenty-better!"

"And ten more!"

"Look here, young fellow. I'll give you the top price at once! Seven hundred dollars and not another cent. Here's your money, cold cash. I'll count it out right before you!" The Chicago man displayed his wallet, bulging with many banknotes.

"No hurry," said Ahteck. "I think maybe I go with it to Quebec. Maybe Montreal."

"Then you'll spend a lot of money. Maybe get full of whiskey and lose all you have. I'll tell you! Maybe I can do just a little better if you'll sell me all the rest of your stuff," said the stout man, knowing that Renfrew or Laliberté might offer a large price.

But Ahteck again shook his head.

"Me think I no sell now," he said.

"Well, we'll be here for a couple of days yet," said one of the men. "Let us know if you change your mind. I'm sure nobody will do any better for you. Just think it over."

"All right," said Ahteck.

The buyers knew it was useless to bargain any further just then, and were driven back slowly behind their tired nags, after they had inspected the

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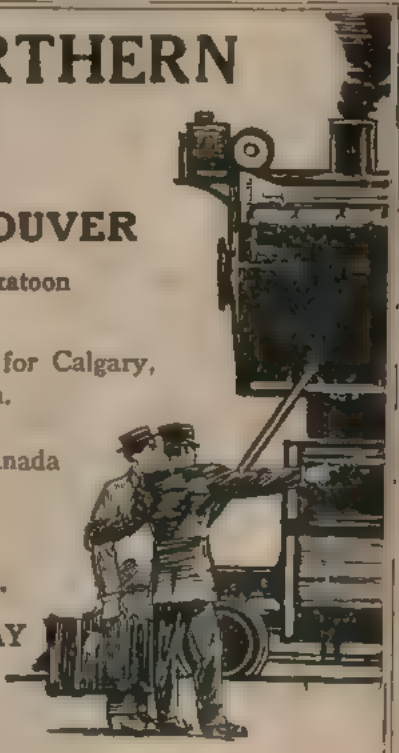

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remainder of the catch, sorted it, and made further offers for the lot.

In this manner the bargaining lasted for a couple of weeks, and finally Ahteck obtained a very good price. Telegrams had come from Winnipeg and Paris, and the wires had been busy to London and New York and Chicago. Other traveling buyers had come and the first two had returned, and Ahteck was courted, and refused fat cigars and the surreptitious exhibition of well-filled flasks, all of which made him a hard fellow to tackle.

At last it was said, with bated breath, that he got eleven hundred dollars for it, and that there were heart-burnings among some of the unsuccessful bidders. The pelt was taken away but it is not known whether it was eventually purchased by some noblewoman of London, or boyar of Russia, or millionaire of New York or Chicago, after it finally reached its destination.

Ahteck at once went with Mititesh to settle her father's indebtedness, amounting in all to a couple of hundred dollars. After this he took the train for Chicoutimi, where the balance was deposited for her in the savings bank, by the advice of the Fathers, who entirely approved of the arrangement made in the woods.

But, of course, there were also the other pelts, which sold well. Each of the two men obtained a good sum for their shares, and the girl's part of the rest of the fur taken on her father's line amounted to nearly a hundred dollars. In this manner Mititesh became an heiress and a young person of importance in the community.

Thus began the short summer season, and Mititesh went to school with the other children. About the house she always made herself very useful, and it was only a short time before Uapukun loved her like her own daughter.

That season Ahteck obtained several good jobs of guiding, and every time he went away the child would watch him out of sight, and return to the house looking rather sad, to find the time very long until he returned. Finally came the end of August and active preparations were being made for the coming winter. At this time Mititesh began to look at Ahteck very wistfully, without saying anything, until one day she could stand the suspense no longer and met him at the gate of the little enclosure in front of the house. She had grown taller and more rounded in her fourteenth year, and more than one had hinted that she was doubtless going to be a very beautiful girl.

"I—I want to go with thee and Paul," she said. "Thou knowest I can work very hard and be useful to you both. I will mend clothes and do the cooking and stretch pelts and set the snares for *wapush*, the rabbits. Please, can I go? My heart is longing sorely for the great woods. I—I want to go back. I love thy mother Uapukun and the two children but never since I can remember have I spent a winter in houses. Please, I want to go!"

But Ahteck shook his head, perhaps with some regret.

"Thou must go to school," he said, "and learn many more things. It is not fitting for thee to go with us now. Listen, there is Philippe, who is a very good man. He will go up with his wife and the three children, of whom one is a big boy. He will take thy line and pay thee a share of the fur. I have arranged it with him."

"Is that thy will?" she asked, her lower lip quivering a little.

"It is that which is right," he said. "I have spoken to my mother and others. But here comes Father Laroux and we will ask him."

"There is no need to ask him," she declared. "My father said that I was always to do thy bidding, because thou wert very wise. If it is thy will I shall obey. It is enough."

But Ahteck insisted upon stopping the good old priest, who was walking quietly along the road, reading his breviary, and explained the situation to him.

The old missionary placed his hand on the girl's head, smiling at her in his kindly way.

"Thou art a real little *sauvage*," he told her, "and the great woods will always appeal to thee. Ay, I also regret the days of my strength when I traveled far in them, even to the shores of the great Bay. But this big lad Ahteck is right. It is not fitting now that a growing maiden should go away in such a manner."

Mititesh bowed her pretty head, submissively, but two great drops that had been trembling upon her lashes rolled down her cheek, and this was the only sign she gave of her dreadful disappointment. It was very bitter to think that she would not see the graves of her parents again, that she would no longer journey over the rapids and the great tree-shadowed dead waters upon which the leaping fish made rings of pearly ripples. Her heart became very heavy within her breast. She returned slowly within the house, and Uapukun looked at her, curiously, but never questioned her.

A few more days went by all too fast for the child. A good many hunters were leaving, and when the last day came the little steamer churned around the point and stopped offshore. The lake was beautifully calm, the sun glittered brightly on its surface and, in the distance, big white gulls were sweeping in great circles. The decidu-

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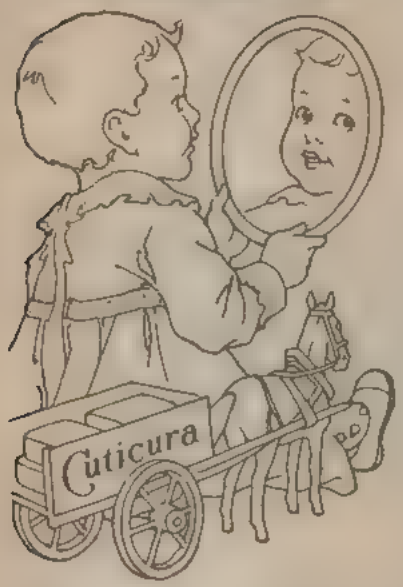


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ous trees had already begun to assume the glory of their autumnal tints and the days were shortening fast. Most of those Indians whose grounds were far away had already left at the beginning of the month, and after the hunters who were now going away should disappear on the other side of the lake there would be none left at the reservation but some women and children, with old men too feeble to undergo a hard winter's toil, besides the priests.

On the shore, that day, there was much animation. It was no such great departure as when the large crowd goes to Portage à l'Ours to begin the journeys up the Ashuapmouchouan and its far tributaries, yet a good many were leaving and their goods were piled up in mighty heaps. There were fifty-pound and a hundred-pound bags of flour, apparently enough to feed a small army, and pork and tea and salt and sugar and small kegs of powder, with a host of other things such as clothing and blankets and tents folded small and cleverly roped. Also there were a good many new traps, to replace others finally rusted away in the woods. There were little ones for small animals, and larger sizes, up to those weighing from twelve to sixteen pounds apiece, furnished with heavy chains, such as are used for bear.

The men were hurriedly carrying all these loads on board the steamer, in their canoes, making many trips back and forth amid laughter and songs and farewells. Some of them were leaving with whole families while others allowed their wives and children to remain behind. A few of these men hunted grounds that were not very far away, and would probably return over snow and ice to spend Christmas at home, bringing back some of their fur.

Uapukun, of course, was on the beach with her children, who ran among the piles of provisions and returned every minute to tell Uncle Caribou to bring back many big bears for them to see. At early daylight the woman had run up to the little church to place a candle on the altar, and now she looked very gravely, with a throbbing heart, at the little steamer that would once again take her big son away.

*To be continued.*

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## Hearts and Faces

Continued from page 222.

that I am pretty—and let the warm love in."

She was as fair as Delilah and he was no stronger than Samson.

"Can't you understand," she went on rather unsteadily. "I have not really changed. My position is not really different from that day you lifted me out of the depths—six years ago. I've quarreled with Wolseley. He doesn't live here now."

A horrible suspicion flashed into George's mind. He started up. "I must go," he cried.

Then in her terror at losing him she blurted out the miserable truth.

"He wants to divorce me now that he has spent all my money. I'm in such trouble. He has set men on to watch me—I am shadowed wherever I go—they are probably outside the house now—don't leave me—I am so afraid—so alone."

"Do you mean I'm to be mixed up in this scandal," shouted George in a fury. "Is my name to be dragged into the courts—visiting you alone at night? What of my career? Don't you see that this will ruin me in my profession? Here have I been slaving away night and day for all these years with the one ambition to be a great portrait painter. I have just got a commission to paint the King, and you in your silly criminal folly ruin me!"

"I never thought of that," she panted.

He saw in her eyes the desire that had led her to lay this trap for him. How blindly he had walked into the trap. And yet she had been clever, had not flung herself at his head too soon. Until to-night she had been simply friendly, and he was deceived by her show of wealth by a veneer of good breeding and religion.

So her money was all spent now! He was to be her new—protector! Money was her aim, but she was cutting the ground from beneath her own feet when she deprived him of his profession. She was fool as well as knave.

He saw his name starred in the evening rags:

ARTIST'S AMOURS—NOCTURNAL VISITS.

He would be laughed at by men he hated and cut by women he despised. Gone now all hope of that Royal Portrait.

Ethel made a last effort.

"Is it too late," she whispered, close to him, honey in her voice." "Cannot we——

"You filthy and abominable woman," he cried.

He flung her from him. He ran to the hall. Seizing his hat and coat, he walked as steadily as he could down the stone steps into the darkness of the street.

THAT night his eyes seared his fitful slumbers. He dreamed that on either side of him stretched endless desert, ridged like an ocean fixed eternally. His breast was as a road, over which trod the hoofs of countless horses. On and on swept the relentless army, his eyelashes thin white-

hot spears. Prometheus, vulture-torn and chained, had suffered no such agony. Movement was of another world for he was petrified in dreams.

A sun of citron and of orange mocked his misery. Such thirst suggested and unquenched was surely fed by flames.

Then slowly, but so eagerly anticipated, crept pale shade toward him. Nearer, nearer, though with his head gripped down he could but guess its presence. Was it earth whirling to destruction, or only the sun sinking, that lifted *Something* from that fierce horizon? It was the shadow of that *Something* whose slow and torturing feet he seemed to hear.

A little higher, and a little nearer. Through the glow of fire he could at last shape a face—and breasts—and claws. It was the *Shadow* of the *Sphinx*.

IN his despair he thought of Reid, that true-hearted son of Nature who had given him his first start. George's letter was answered by the laconic telegram, "Coming."

Unspeakable relief! To the lonely man, a little means so much. Reid was not rich, yet had clearly never hesitated before the expense of the journey.

Telling his man to admit no visitors and to prepare a room for Reid, George fell into an easy sleep, waking in the afternoon much relieved.

The same old Reid! A touch more of grey in the beard and whiskers, but that was all. Still that cheery face, rough and radiant with the open air. His luggage was a faded old umbrella.

"How times come back!" said George as they drove in a hansom to his lodging. "You mind me of the old sea smell that we used to get on Balgownie links. Still pegging away?"

"Ay, sonny, still peggin'".

"Not married yet?"

"No, no sonny. It's only the young fools that play about wi' women."

George laughed a trifle ruefully.

"Glad to hear ye laugh, sonny," said Reid, patting him on the knee. "It shows that we are not at the bottom of the sea yet. Man is there any place here in London where you can get a drop of Scotch, with somethin' to it? I'm just famishin'. There's no food like real food, and I'm fair sick of sandwiches."

"We're just home" said George.

"What!" exclaimed Reid when the latter handed cabby half-a-crown. "Man, I can see ye're clean daft. We could have got here in a bus for threepence."

"Maybe," said George slyly, looking at Reid's umbrella, "but then what should we have done about the luggage? I didn't know you were coming to stay so long."

"Man, I thought you would be rich and fat now, so that you would have some spare pyjamas to fit me."

Then, when they came to supper, Reid traversed the food at ninety miles an hour, while George toyed with his.

"Ay," said the older man, quaffing nobly. "This is the real old Sandy. Drown your sorrows in drink, sonny, not more than three glasses, with hot water and lemon and sugar to taste. And now for a pipe. Fegs, man! Put away thon cigarette. Chewin's a bad habit. Soock, man, soock, like a new-born babe."

So they went on in the old familiar way, coarse perhaps, just as the earth is coarse, and the sun and the sea. It did George a world of good.

Over the prescription that Reid had recommended for sorrows George told the whole story.

"Ay, man, that's a gey pickle. When we've had a look at your pictures we'll see what can be done."

AFTER supper they examined the pictures, Reid grunting and humping like one of Kipling's camels.

"There's one thing, sonny, that makes me proud of you."

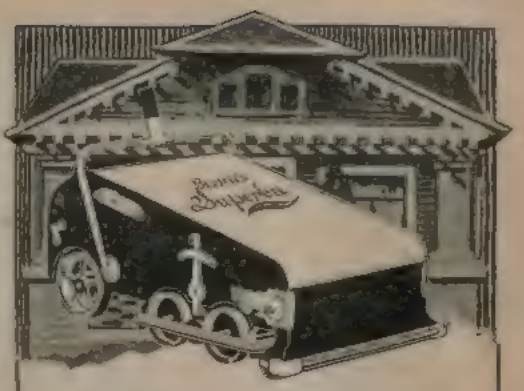
"Yes," said George, very self-conscious.

"And that is that ye've not altogether lost yer Scotch accent. I'm no jokin'. It gives me great hopes of ye and I'll tell ye for why. It's like this, sonny. I see you classical johnnies goin' up from King's College in Aberdeen to Oxford and comin' back wi' a drawl fit to turn yer nose up. But it's no like that wi' you."

In a humbler spirit George sat down by his old friend.

"Now, to my mind," Reid went on, "ye've made mighty progress; I wouldn't hae thought it possible. But I'm just fearin' that ye're on the wrong lines, like. It's the Scotch accent that gives me hopes. I watched ye showin' me yer pictures, an' shootin' out yer cuffs like a wee peacock, but then I heard yer vowels, an' I knew ye were still a man. Thank God for it!

"Now, I've watched this English and American notion of paintin', terrible clever it is, wi' rapid snatchin' at effects. These chaps think they can get a complete effect in one day's paintin', or thereabouts. Man, they should have been born three hundred years ago and given that tip to Titian. Think of the grandest portrait painter the world has ever seen, and think of the laborious way he thought of and put on his paint—the magnificent underpaintin' and the wrastlin' an' care an' love on the top of it. Remember that it was *him*, that it was Titian, who said that an improvisation is not the finest poetry. Now the great characteristic of Scottish paintin'

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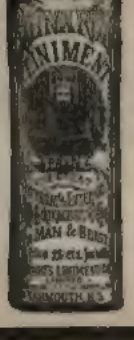

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is that one thing, quality! Quality, man! Burn the word in yer breeches! If there's any school of paintin' worth followin' beside the school of nature, it's the school of the Venetians. These English and American chaps have got no guts. D'ye follow?"

"Fire ahead."

"Color upon color—this makes a picture glow with permanent beauty. Now Titian could do that in a portrait because he could command his own time and his own terms. In these days, a johnny who wants his portrait painted canna be bothered with more than a half dozen sittings."

George laughed. "I'd have painted the King's portrait in three sittings of an hour apiece. I've spent no longer than that on many a portrait."

"That's the vera reason I am glad ye have got into this pickle!" replied Reid. "My advice is, chuck portraits altogether, at least for a while. Yer present trouble may be the best for ye in the end. For mind this, sonny, ye've got the makin' of a grand painter in ye. Ye've faced the drudgery of drawin', Now ye must face the drudgery of paint. Ye must analyse more, in order that ye may create."

"Well, I suppose you are right," said George huskily. "But tell me more about this method. How am I to set about it?"

"A hundred years ago there was a quack who sold the fashionable artists the so-called secret of Titian, at ten guineas a head. This I will impart to ye for love, having borrowed twopence to buy it myself off'n a second-hand bookstall."

So saying, he produced from his pocket two tattered leaves from an old number of the Fortnightly—apparently an excerpt from an Italian called Boschini, which the old Scot proceeded to read with deliberate emphasis.

"Titian," he read, "smothered his canvases with a mass of color that made, so to speak, a bed or base for the touches which he painted over it. And I also have seen him, with resolute strokes and brushes full of color, giving the promise of a rare figure. After having made these precious foundations for his pictures, he turned the canvases to the wall and there he left them some months without looking at them. When he wished to paint on them again he first examined them with a very critical observation, as if they were his worst enemies, to see what he could find in them, and if he found anything which was discordant with the delicacy of the intention of his art, as a beneficent surgeon operates on the infirm, he applied himself to reduce any swelling or superabundance of flesh, or to putting right an arm if the form of the bony structure was not properly adjusted, or putting in its place a foot

that had taken a discordant posture, and so on, without pity for its pains.

"Working in this way he constructed the figure and reduced it to the most perfect symmetry that could represent the beauty of nature and of art. Having done this, he worked from time to time on them till he covered his figures as it were with live flesh, perfecting with such wonderful touch that at last only the breath seemed wanting. He never did a figure at once, and used to say that any one who improvised could never make verses that were profound or really well put together."

"There's something in that," said George. "But how am I to work like that? It is impossible to find time for that way with portraits, as you yourself admit. They are hard enough to get as it is."

"Money, money, again!" said Reid. "How many a clever artist blinds himself with this love for money, forsaking the narrow way of landscapes for the broad path of portraits. Chuck them, man chuck them."

"It wasn't money I was thinking of," said George, coloring. "It was of my ambition."

Then for the first time he wholly revealed the thought that urged him on so eagerly. England's Greatest Portrait Painter! It was not easy to confess, for it betrayed conceit, and Reid had hammered that.

"What must I do to be saved?" added George, as Reid stayed silent.

"Cut yerself adrift, sonny, cut yerself adrift. Ye've got yon money of yer own still, haven't ye?"

"Yes, and I've saved a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds too much, except that ye'll need a mighty lot to put away on materials. Ye must leave London. Why not go to Paris? The grand thing about Paris is that ye're in an atmosphere of art—the good men there work like hell. Give yerself at least two years to experiment, and then try what ye can do."

George understood what Christian must have felt at the top of the Hill of Difficulty. The future no longer loomed terrible before him. It was mysterious still, but it grew lighter, lighter.

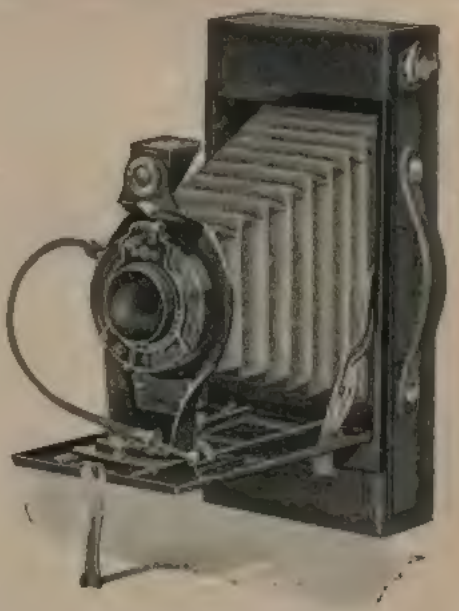
Ethel had deprived him of his ambition as a portrait painter. Reid's words opened to him a new world of art. He would paint landscapes—the tenderness of dawn, the blaze of day, the cool and luminous eve and deep blue night. What were tailored kings compared to the majesty of these great wind-swept spaces.

What a life there was before him—work and work and work! His career was just beginning.

He was on the threshold of creation.

*A camera that fits the pocket*

*A picture that fits the view*



No. 2C Folding

Autographic Brownie

The thin, narrow camera slips readily into the pocket; the somewhat elongated picture, 2⅛ x 4⅛ inches, is *right* for landscapes when used horizontally, and for home portraits when used vertically. The pictures are, in fact, the same shape as those made by the most popular of all cameras, the 3A Kodak—but are a trifle smaller.

A BIT OF DETAIL.

The 2C Folding Autographic Brownie loads with Autographic cartridges for ten, six or two exposures, with which you can *write on the film*, instantly, *at the time*, the date and title or other memorandum regarding the picture. The camera has the Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with snapshot speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second as well as the usual time action. Has reversible finder, two tripod sockets, automatic focusing lock, is made of metal, has black leather bellows and is covered with a fine imitation leather, with black enamel and nickel fittings. Well made in every detail.

THE PRICE

Price with meniscus achromatic lens, 4¾ inch focus .....$ 9.00
Do., with Rapid Rectilinear lens..... 11.00

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35 horsepower en bloc motor
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Gasoline tank in rear with gauge
Electric control switches on steering column

THE NEW SIX

**$1295**

*Model 85-6 f. o. b. Toronto*

35-40 horsepower en bloc motor
116-inch wheelbase
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**Head Office and Works**
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